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JULY 13, 1927

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SCOTTISH PAGEANT: DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOUR

The BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER

BY GILBERT RUMBOLD

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE —

ALL BOOKS FIND THEIR WAY TO THE "BYSTANDER"

The Making of Books

Of the making of books there is no end, and no one knows this better than one who spends his days in the office of a paper like THE BYSTANDER. All paths may or may not lead to Rome, but it is certain that all books find their way to THE BYSTANDER.

Shameless Theft

With the ordinary argosy of literature that sails down Fleet Street I have no particular concern; that being more a matter for our Literary Log-Roller than for a mere Autolycus, such as I. But every now and again some slim, unpretentious volume catches my eye, and I steal it, shamelessly, knowing that its chances of review on a later page are as slim as itself.

A Priceless Volume

I have just come by such a book, and the only reason I mention it is that it will serve as a peg on which to hang a theory that has long required airing. It is written by William J. Monk, and tells the tale of many towns, including Buscot, Southrop, Hatherop and Quenington, which lie in the meadow country watered by the Coln, the Leach, and the baby Thames. Its frontispiece has lost itself among the local advertisements, and I cannot tell you how much it costs for the excellent reason that the publisher has a soul above such mundane matters.

An Author at Home

So much for the book, which covers in its own unpretentious way a tract of country dear to the heart of the professional topographer. Mr. Monk has rushed in where more famous authors have not feared to tread, and I applaud his courage, for he has written of the life he knows, of the waters in which he has fished, and of people who buy bacon at his own village shop.

Multiple Minds

It would be better for our rural districts if other phases of their life were served in the same fashion. I never see a carpet-bagger hurrying into the country on the eve of a General Election but I loathe him from the city clothes he wears to the slick city theories he is prepared to expound. Multiple stores are stocking our villages with multiple minds. Ghastly petrol-filling stations of red and yellow are ruining the countryside. Wireless and chars-a-bancs carry on the bad work, and all the time the long-suffering country, the real England, remains inarticulate, with no function but to be exploited by the strangers that are crowding within its gates.

I Shed No Tears

Wimbledon is forgotten, and the tears shed over the defeat of Miss Betty Nuthall have dried. Myself, I shed no tears, for I am of those who think Success may be too easily won. Miss Nuthall is no mere infant prodigy. Her victory over Mrs. Mallory was no flash in the pan. There was nothing of precocity about *that* triumph. But the winning of the Championship is another matter, and we look to her to consolidate her position and to hold her laurels when once they are fairly won.

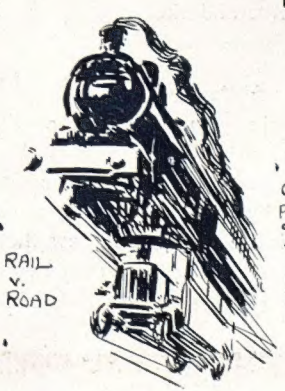
'EVERY NOW AND AGAIN, SOME SLIM, UNPRETENTIOUS VOLUME CATCHES MY EYE —'

'PEOPLE WHO BUY BACON AT HIS OWN VILLAGE SHOP —'

GHASTLY PETROL-FILLING STATIONS ARE RUINING THE COUNTRY SIDE —

'IF THE "OLD BILL" OF 1914 COULD HAVE MET THE OLDER BILL OF 1066' —

'MISS NUTHALL IS NO MERE INFANT PRODIGY —'



RAIL v. ROAD

On Winning One's Spurs

MISS NUTHALL is a sensible young woman, and will realise that her defeat did more to endear her to the Wimbledon crowd than further victories could have done. The young warrior need not win a battle to win his spurs. Harry Hotspur is a more likeable figure than Marlborough or Wellington, and Nelson might be less of a national hero if he had failed to die in the moment of triumph at Trafalgar.

Learning to Lose

THIS is no mere preaching. These summer days find our young men fighting their mimic battles on the river and on the cricket field. They have learned to win at Henley and at Lord's, but they have also learned to lose, and one need be no prig to remind those who have failed that they may have won much more than they have lost. The triumphs of youth are often the tragedies of age, and the later those triumphs are deferred the sweeter they become. Here endeth the first lesson!

RAMSAY RETURNS!

By David Wilson

Do the Thing Thoroughly

THE march of progress is responsible for many curious things, and this decision of a great store to let house-hunters sit in a cinema and have properties passed before them in rapid review is one of the most curious of all. I would suggest to the manager of the emporium in question that he kills two birds with one stone by peopling his lawns and gardens with mannequins wearing the latest costumes offered by his firm; that the bedrooms should be furnished by his furniture department, and that the cellars should be converted into a bargain basement.

Rail *v.* Road

THIS week has seen the commencement of the special railway holiday service, and it is evident that the big companies are making a strong bid for the support of the holidaymaker. Motor road traffic has put up a very lively opposition, and it will be interesting to see how the fight between rail and road works out during the next two months.

A Little Greedy

THE big motor companies are becoming almost as well-organised as the railways, but I find them a little greedy in their attempts to drive all smaller concerns off the road. There seems to be no reason why the little man should not be allowed to exist on some of the crumbs that fall from the big man's table, and I have great sympathy with those ex-Service men who are trying to keep going by running an old 'bus or two among the lesser villages.

Live and Let Live

I HAVE had hundreds of quite pathetic letters from decent young fellows who, having established a single 'bus service between Great Iggleton and Lesser Biddlecombe, now find themselves the object of relentless competition at the hands of some London company which had not heard of these villages until a few weeks ago. "Live and Let Live" is a very good motto, and if the big omnibus companies would stick to the high roads there would then be plenty of pickings left for the little men.

Summer Visitors

THE usual influx of visitors to our island home is increased this year by the representatives of twenty-four different countries who are taking part in the International Press Conference. This conference, which does much to maintain friendly relations and good co-operation between the Press of different countries, is being held in London for the first time for many years. The visitors are not only doing all the London sights, including the House of Commons (I refer strictly to its inanimate features when I say sights!), but trips to Bournemouth, Leamington and Birmingham were included in the programme of events.

1066–1927

CAEN, Falaise, Dives, Deauville, Havre, and Rouen have, during the past week, been competing with each other in their hospitable welcome to the English descendants of William the Conqueror. If the great William received on his return anything like the ovation that these present-day descendants have had in Normandy he must have been very well satisfied. It was not only very wonderful, but behind it all I had the feeling that a very strong link in the chain of the Entente was being forged. If the descendants of William and his companion knights did not altogether look the part, present-day life is no doubt accountable; but in the pageant at Falaise there was at least one living detail that *did* look the part, and that was the giant horse which "William" rode. The sight of him in the procession at Falaise left me absolutely convinced that his sire was at the Battle of Hastings.

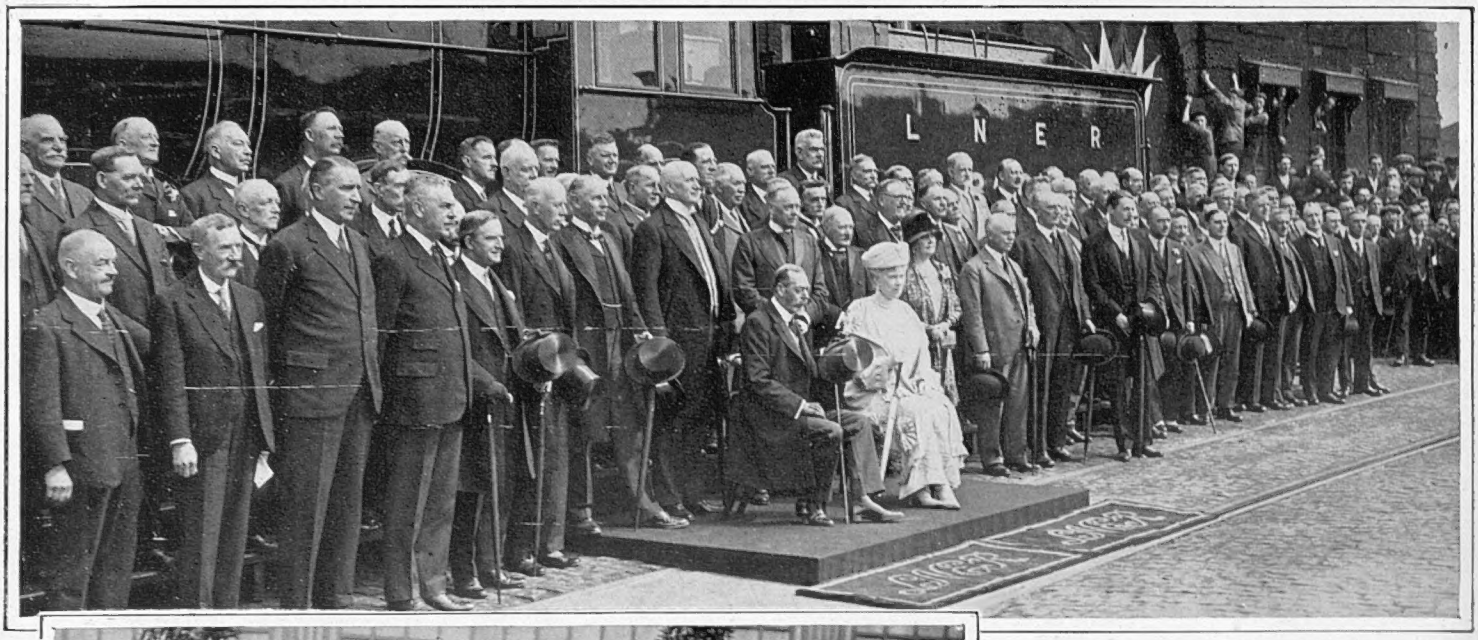
Two "Old Bills"

THERE was one other idea which came to me during the celebration, and that was that William of 1066-1087 was really the predecessor of "Old Bill" of 1914-18. The first conquered England, the second conquered the imagination of our French Allies during the War. I could not help wishing that Bairnsfather's "Old Bill" could have been confronted with that older "Old Bill" in the streets of mediæval Falaise. Both are links in the Entente chain.

A Hundred Years On at the Savoy

BY HYNES

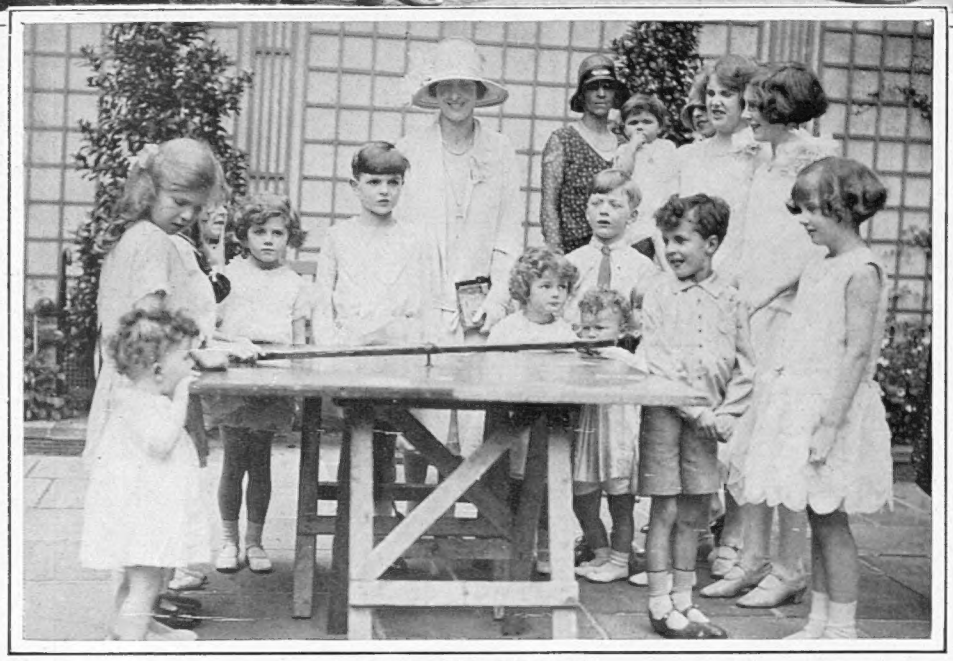
Our artist's impression of some of "those present" at the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Clubs' centenary year dinner, which was held last week at the Savoy. This dinner, which was under the chairmanship of Lord Harris, was unique in cricket history, and the guests linked up the cricket memories of the "famous old days" with those of the present, which, in their turn, will provide the "famous old days" of the future



Central News

THE THRONE AND THE RAILWAYS

The King and Queen, who were accompanied by the Home Secretary, photographed with the Directors and other officials of the London and North Eastern Railway Company in front of one of the latest type of engines during their visit to the company's works at Stratford. Their Majesties' visit to the East End coincided with the 34th anniversary of their wedding day



AMONG THE CHILDREN *Central News*

Princess Mary, who received purses for the Children's Country Holidays Fund, photographed with some of the small people who handed them to her. The rather primitive form of roulette wheel caused amusement among the more grown-up members of the group

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King and Queen in Scotland

GREAT excitement prevails, I hear, in Edinburgh over the King and Queen's visit to Holyrood. Last year, you will remember, this annual event had to be abandoned because of the strike.

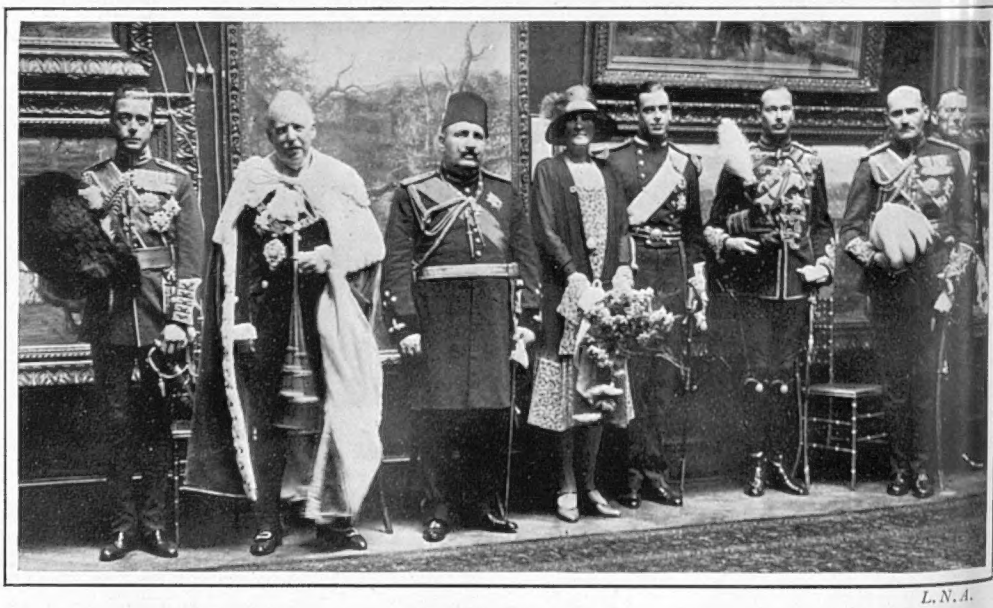
From the purely social point of view the Drawing Room and big garden party at Holyrood are the most important events, as presentations at the Drawing Room will count exactly like a presentation at a Court at Buckingham Palace. In fact, in order to relieve the heavy pressure on the lists at the Lord Chamberlain's office ladies of purely Scottish birth, or Scottish by marriage, were told they could "pay their duty" at Holyrood.

I hear, too, that many of the summonses to the Garden Party have given immense gratification. Elderly folk who had not received a summons to any Court function for years past have been remembered, and naturally are bubbling over with pleasure and delight.

The Pageant at Craigmillar

ANOTHER great event will be the Scottish Pageant at Craigmillar Castle on July 14, 15, and 16, which the King and Queen have promised to attend. Most of the costumes, many of which are superb, have been designed by Miss M. R. Caird, the daughter of the late Professor Caird, of Edinburgh. Miss Caird, who has also designed the new drop curtain for the King's Theatre at Edinburgh, has a profound knowledge of costumes of all periods, and one hears that her designs will help to make the Pageant one of the most notable things of the kind ever done in Scotland.

Amongst those taking part in the Pageant are the youthful Duke of Nor-



L.N.A.

AN HISTORIC EVENT

A group taken at the Guildhall during the visit of the King of Egypt to the City, the first occasion on which the reigning monarch of Egypt has been received by the Corporation. The photograph shows the Prince of Wales, the Lord Mayor of London, King Fuad, the Lady Mayoress, Prince George, Prince Henry, Prince Arthur of Connaught and Sir Austen Chamberlain

AFTER THE WEDDING *Vandyk*

Mr. Claud Hanbury-Tracey, only son of Major and Mrs. Eric Hanbury-Tracey, of Wimborne, and his bride, Miss Veronica Cunard, second surviving daughter of the late Mr. Cyril Cunard and Mrs. W. H. Curran, photographed after their wedding. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

folk, who will represent his ancestor the poet Earl of Surrey, and his sister, Lady Rachel Howard. They will be members of a large party which Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour is entertaining for the occasion at The Inch, a charming old house with beautiful gardens near Liberton, in Midlothian, and not far from Craigmillar.

Lady Susan is the second of Lord Beauchamp's three sisters, the others being Lady Mary Trefusis and Lady Ampthill, who between them have forty-eight years of unbroken service at Court. Lady Mary was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen two years after Her Majesty's marriage, and has been a Woman of the Bedchamber from the time the Queen became Princess of Wales, which means thirty-two years of unbroken service. Lady Ampthill has been a Lady of the Bedchamber for sixteen years.

Royal service has gone into the next generation, for the wife of Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour's eldest son, the Hon. Mrs. Gordon-Gilmour, was chosen to go to New Zealand as one of the Duchess of York's ladies when Lady Doris Vyner was unable to go. Mrs. Gordon-Gilmour is the youngest of the five daughters of the late Viscount Chelsea and the Hon. Lady Meux. She and her sisters—Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, and the Marchioness of Blandford—are noted horsewomen.

The Egyptian Royal Visit

I DON'T suppose any State visit to this country of a foreign Sovereign ever had the particular combination which attaches to that of the King of Egypt. From the view of international politics we have vital interests in Egypt; from the view of commerce a large section of our cotton trade depends upon Egyptian supplies. King Fuad's visit to Lancashire shows that the cotton-spinning industry in this country and the Egyptians are alive to the necessity for the fullest understanding on both sides.

The dethroned Khedive, Abbas Hilmy, will find another cause for grievance against this country in the reception accorded to his uncle, King Fuad. He once paid us a visit, but, considering he was not received with sufficient honour, had a bad fit of the sulks and gave out that he was ill. Nobody gave more trouble to the Government at home and to the British authorities in Cairo than Abbas Hilmy, and he certainly was entirely responsible for his dethronement by the British Government four months after the outbreak of the War. Our Government put his uncle Hussein in his place, with the title of Sultan of Egypt. He reigned for three years, and was succeeded by his next brother, Fuad, who took the title of King after the declaration of the independence of Egypt five years ago.

Quick Pictures

UNDER THE ARCHWAY

Paymaster Lieut.-Commander A. D. Duckworth, R.N., leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, with his bride, Miss Grace Pontifex, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Pontifex, of Tunbridge Wells. The bridegroom is the son of Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D., LL.D., and Lady Duckworth

LEAVING THE CHURCH *Pathé*

Sir Donald Makgill and his bride, Miss Esther Bromley, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. Lady Makgill is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Robert Bromley and of the Hon. Lady Bromley

Lafayette

AT THE RECEPTION

Sir Philip Humphrey Vivian Rose and his bride, Miss Joan Richardson, photographed after their wedding at Brompton Oratory. Sir Philip, who is the third baronet, succeeded his grandfather in 1919

Sultan Hussein and King Fuad were the sons of that famous Khedive Ismail, whose mad extravagances nearly brought Egypt to bankruptcy. Most of the garish palaces he built round about Cairo have been turned into hotels. His reception of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, when the latter opened the Suez Canal, was probably one of the costliest series of Royal entertaining ever given. Verdi wrote his opera *Aïda* especially for the occasion, and it was given for the first time before the French Sovereigns and Ismail with an amazing lavishness.

Divorce in Plenty

KING FUAD has been married twice, the first marriage being dissolved after eighteen years. There was only one daughter of this marriage, the Princess Fewkiéh, who is the wife of the Egyptian Minister in Paris. By his second marriage King Fuad has a son and two daughters, whose names, like his own, all begin with F—Prince Farouk, Princess Fewzié, and Princess Faiza.

Divorce is very frequent in the Egyptian Royal Family. There are sixteen recorded

Topical

LORD AND LADY ALLERTON

Alfieri

LORD HERBERT, LORD AND LADY PEMBROKE AND COLONEL THE HON. GEORGE HERBERT

Topical

LADY KILLEEN AND LADY MARY KIRK

GOING RACING IN THE SOUTH

Some prominent spectators at the recent Bibury Club Meeting at Salisbury

in three pages of the *Almanac de Gotha*, but with Mohammedans divorce has not the significance it has with us. The Khedive Abbas Hilmy repudiated two wives, Sultan Hussein divorced one, and so has King Fuad, and you will find scattered all over the list of the members of their family "*mariage dissous par divorce.*"

Royal Calling

FOLLOWING the foreign custom of the stranger calling first, after he had deposited a wreath upon the Cenotaph King Fuad called upon all the members of the Royal Family in London. In some capitals this is a lengthy business, but with us it meant only five calls —at Clarence House on the Duke of Connaught; at Kensington Palace on Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll and Princess Beatrice; at Schomberg House on the Princesses Helena Victoria and Marie Louise; and in Belgrave Square on Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught.

By the way, I hear that King Fuad's French—he does not speak English—has all sorts of charming expressions which one no longer hears in modern French. For example, *Je suis bien aise,* which old-fashioned French people always used in expressing pleasure.

Bolshevism and the Ballet

ONE doesn't know which way to take the new ballet, *Le Pas d'Acier,* which M. Serge Diaghileff added to the programme at the Princes Theatre last week. It can either be regarded as a satire on Bolshevism or its glorification. In either case the ugliness of Bolshevism is faithfully carried out, both in the music and what they now call the choreography, which is the movements of the ballet.

The ballet is in two tableaux, presenting "a series of scenes in which are summarised two aspects of Russian life, the stories and legends of the countryside and the mechanism of the factories." Everybody was completely mystified by the first tableau because the setting was in a factory, and one could make neither head nor tail of what the people were doing, or see where the "stories and legends of the countryside" came in. In the second tableau, however, we had the "mechanism of the factories" in all its hideousness. Amazingly clever, but equally unattractive.

Somebody was saying that since *Petroushka* may be taken as representing the Russia of 1830, so *Le Pas d'Acier* may be taken to represent the Russia of to-day. Perhaps that is the composer's and the authors' intention, but, as I said before, you are left guessing.

And I think you are meant to be left guessing, because there is no detailed synopsis on the programme as there is for all the other ballets. This is the first time the Russian Ballet has given us a thing of unmitigated ugliness, but, judging by the enthusiastic applause at the fall of the curtain, the majority of the audience admired it.

Sport and General

IN NORMANDY

Lord Scarsdale and Sir Robert Gresley with a party wearing the national costume at the recent fête at Caen, held in celebration of the Nine Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of William the Conqueror. They are both descended from followers of William I on his invasion of Britain

Noble Innkeepers

SOME time ago, I remember, Gertrude Lady Decies ran an hotel close to Ascot, and not, unfortunately, with a successful result. I hope the Earl of Leitrim will have better luck in the hotel he has opened on the west coast of Donegal, and which he has called "Rosapenna." The house, the interior of which is varnished pinewood, was built by Lord Leitrim's father, and I am told that, although Scandinavian in design, it was made in Normandy and brought over practically ready for construction

There are some excellent links belonging to the hotel, and they actually cover a house which used

Other pictures of the celebrations at Falaise will be found on page 87

to stand there. In those times the whole district was a desert of shifting sand, which finally engulfed a house belonging to Lord Boyne. Looking at the delightful surroundings of Rosapenna to-day, it is difficult to imagine that it was an arid waste a little less than a century ago.

Some energetic people are taking to spending week-ends at Rosapenna. You leave London at 6 o'clock on Friday night for Fleetwood and Belfast, and on Saturday you can gaze upon the romantic mountains of Donegal as you have your luncheon. Lord Leitrim's commendable idea in opening the hotel is to try to bring custom and trade into that part of Donegal, and there is every possibility of this hope being fulfilled.

AT REHEARSAL

Some prominent people taking part in the Scottish Historical Pageant at Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh. The photograph shows Lady Jean Dalrymple (left), the Hon. Mrs. Erskine, Lady Marion Dalrymple, Lady Stair, the Countess of Mar and Kellie and Lady Susan Gilmour

Lafayette

IN NATIONAL DRESS

A photograph of Sir Malcolm and Lady Mac Gregor and Lord James Stewart-Murray, a brother of the Duke of Atholl, in Highland dress. Lady Mac Gregor is the daughter of the Hon. Eric Rollo

The Story of a Pearl

THE Duke of Abercorn's eldest son and heir, the Marquess of Hamilton, whose engagement is announced to Lady Kathleen Crichton, is twenty-three; his future bride is a year younger. She is the Earl of Erne's only sister, and was raised to the rank of an earl's daughter after her brother had succeeded his grandfather. Their father, Viscount Crichton, was killed in the War, and their mother, a daughter of the late Duke of Westminster, four years afterwards married Lord Derby's fifth brother, the Hon. Algernon Stanley. There were great doings in Ulster for Lord Hamilton's coming-of-age, and the marriage is sure to bring a round of festivities, the Duke of Abercorn being the most popular of Governors.

Amongst the Abercorn family jewels is a pearl which is known as "La Pellegrina," with a curious history. It was found by a Spanish adventurer in the Pearl Islands and taken by him to King Ferdinand of Castile, from whom it descended to Philip II, who gave it to Queen Mary Tudor on their marriage. At her death the pearl was returned to Spain and remained in possession of the Spanish monarchs until Napoleon drove Ferdinand VII from his throne and placed his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, upon it in his stead.

G. Mannell

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Psyche Le Mesurier, daughter of Mr. H. B. Le Mesurier (an Hereditary Governor of Alderney), who is engaged to Capt. C. T. H. Reavely, of Kinnersley Castle, Herefordshire

The Pearl Comes to England Again

WHEN Joseph Bonaparte was forced to flee from Madrid by the victorious Duke of Wellington he carried off "La Pellegrina" amongst his other booty. From him the pearl descended to Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III.

During his years of exile in London Prince Louis Napoleon became a great friend of the first Duke of Abercorn. One day he confided to the Duke that he was desperately in need of money, and asked if he could recommend an honest jeweller to whom he might sell "La Pellegrina." The Duke asked the Prince what price he wanted for the jewel, and handed him a cheque for the amount on the spot. The same afternoon the Duke gave the pearl to his wife.

The pearl was so heavy that twice it fell out of its setting, and the Duchess lost it twice, so that "La Pellegrina" was finally, for safety, pierced, and although this lessens its value, the pearl can now be worn without the fear of loss.

Hay Wrightson

A NEW PEERESS

The Hon. Mrs. Dominick Browne, who, owing to the recent death of her father-in-law, Lord Oranmore and Browne, now becomes Lady Oranmore and Browne, photographed with her baby daughter, the Hon. Patricia Browne. She married the new Lord Oranmore and Browne in 1925 and is the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Egerton

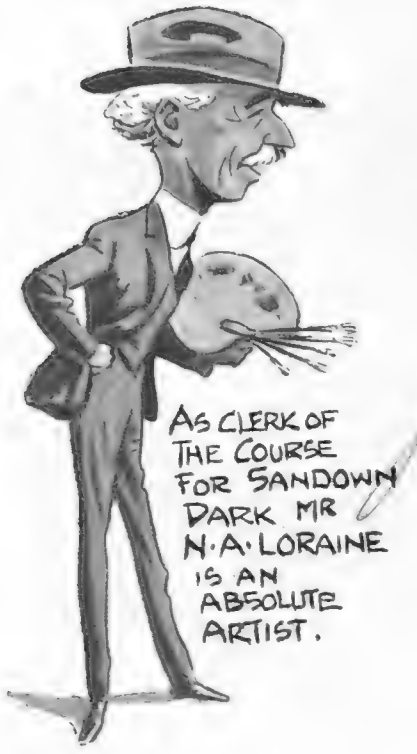
Peerages in Three Countries

THERE are few peers who possess so many titles in the peerages of Scotland, Great Britain, and Ireland as the Duke of Abercorn. In the Scottish peerage he has an earldom and five baronies; in that of Great Britain a marquisate and a viscounty; and in that of Ireland a dukedom, a marquisate, a viscounty, and two baronies—a total of thirteen titles in the three countries.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"



The Eclipse

I HOPE nothing will occur between the time of writing and the day of the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park to prevent Colorado and Coronach from fighting their recent battle over again. In writing on the Princess of Wales's Stakes a week ago I expressed a strong doubt as to whether we had seen anything like the best of the Beckhampton colt at headquarters. Colorado beat him with such remarkable ease that on the surface it seems impossible for the placings to be reversed this week. It is as well to bear in mind, however, that Lord Derby's colt won the Two Thousand with five lengths to spare; but when the two colts met again a month later in the Derby it was Coronach who was the easiest of winners. It may be, therefore, that we are in for another upset of calculations at Sandown Park.

Backers, Be Wary

NO doubt people will rush to lay odds on Colorado with the idea that his famous rival is now a back number. I shall not be included in the scamper to back Lord Derby's colt. On the contrary, if I can get a reasonably good price about Coronach he will carry my money. I cannot help thinking there was something of a fluke about his amazing collapse at Newmarket. I have an idea that Fred Darling entertained the notion that Coronach was going to encounter soft opposition in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and with the Eclipse Stakes in view a fortnight later, it is quite possible that he gave the colt an easy time before his race at Newmarket. The character of this struggle changed as soon as it was known that Colorado was to be in the field. It was, however, too late to give Coronach that extra gallop which he probably wanted. I even suspect he would not have been started at all but for the ill-natured comments which had been said on account of his absence from the field for the Ascot Gold Cup.

A Sharp Test

ALTHOUGH the course at Sandown Park is two furlongs shorter than that over which the champions met recently, it calls for plenty of stamina. That long uphill finish has proved too much for many a speedy aspirant to Eclipse Stakes honours. I cannot see anything in the field likely seriously to trouble the two champions. I suppose Joe Childs will follow the same tactics as he usually does on Coronach. In other words, he will let the colt go to the front as soon as he finds his stride. Coronach is a free mover who loves nothing better than to be allowed to set his own pace at the head of the field. In all probability Weston on Colorado will wait on the other until reaching the foot of the hill. It will be another tremendously exciting moment when he makes his challenge, but I shall be very disappointed if Coronach curls up so abjectly as he did on the July course. In fact, I propose to take a chance and make **Coronach** my selection for the race.

A Much-discussed Rule

IT is greatly to be regretted that the death of Mr. Frank Curzon removes Call Boy from the Eclipse Stakes, the St. Leger, and his other important engagements. Many people have been writing in the papers lately to the effect that the rule governing void nominations is most unfair. You can rest assured, however, that this matter has received the earnest consideration of the members of the Jockey Club. They have been urged time and time again to abandon the rule, but after considering every side of the question they have come to the invariable decision that the rule is one which is best suited for the purposes of the English Turf. It has at least the merit of obviating many legal difficulties.

COLORADO (WESTON) — CORONACH (CHILDS) — HOT NIGHT (WRAGG) AND THE PROVERBIAL BLANKET TO COVER 'EM.

The Last of Call Boy.

I SUPPOSE there is now very little chance of seeing Call Boy on the racecourse again. With the possible exception of the Ascot Gold Cup, no suitable engagement could now be found for a colt of his calibre. The man who buys him is not likely to take the risk of getting him beaten on the racecourse, as Call Boy has an immense value for stud purposes. Hot Night presents himself as a likely St. Leger candidate now that he will not have to encounter the colt who fairly and squarely proved superior to him in the Derby. Sir Victor Sassoon's colt, however, seems to be a difficult sort to catch at his best, and it is by no means certain that, both being fit and well, Hot Night will be equal to beating Sickle. It is satisfactory to observe that the latter colt has just resumed light work. There is a good chance that Frank Butters will be able to train him for the last of the season's classic races.

Some Selections

AMONG the attractions at Newmarket on Wednesday will be the July Handicap, which I regard as a reasonably good thing for **Dingaan's Day.** On Thursday comes the Summer Handicap, for which I shall support **Duke of Buckingham** to repeat his Ascot success. **Fairway** should win the Chesterfield Stakes, and his stable companion **Pharamond** looks good for the National Breeders' Stakes at Sandown on Saturday. **Apelle** is my choice for the Anniversary Cup.

Society from North of the Tweed

Lafayette

LORD AND LADY DUDLEY GORDON

Photographed with three of their children "somewhere in Scotland." Lord Dudley Gordon is the second son of the Marquess of Aberdeen, and during the War was Lieut.-Col. Commanding a Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders and won the D.S.O. in 1917

The Lighter Side of University

THE WINNERS

The Cambridge Eleven who beat Oxford at Lord's last week by 116 runs. The photograph shows (standing): T. C. Longfield (left), R. S. Machin, M. J. Allom and A. K. Judd. Centre: L. G. Irvine (left), F. J. Seabrook, E. W. Dawson (Captain), R. G. Lowe and R. W. V. Robins. Front Row: E. F. Longrigg and R. H. Cobbold

Photographs *Sport and General*

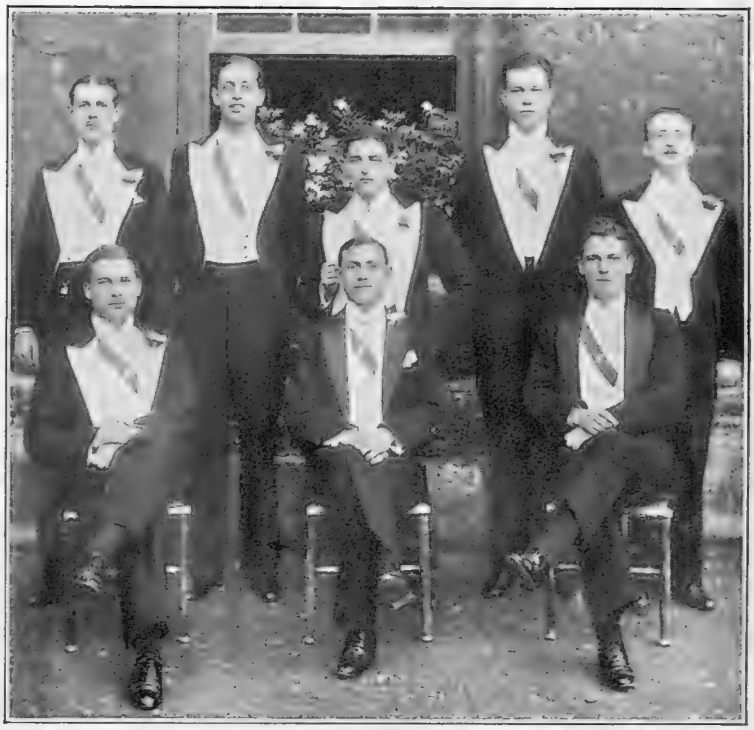
THE OXFORD ELEVEN

Who, despite the second innings century of their captain, were unable to pass the Light Blues' total. The group comprises, back row: P. V. F. Cazalet (left), R. I. F. McIntosh, G. C. Newman and A. M. Crawley. Centre: J. W. Greenstock (left), J. A. Nunn, E. R. T. Holmes (Captain), G. E. B. Abell and M. A. McCanlis. Front row: R. E. C. Butterworth (left) and A. T. Barber

Life as Seen by the Camera

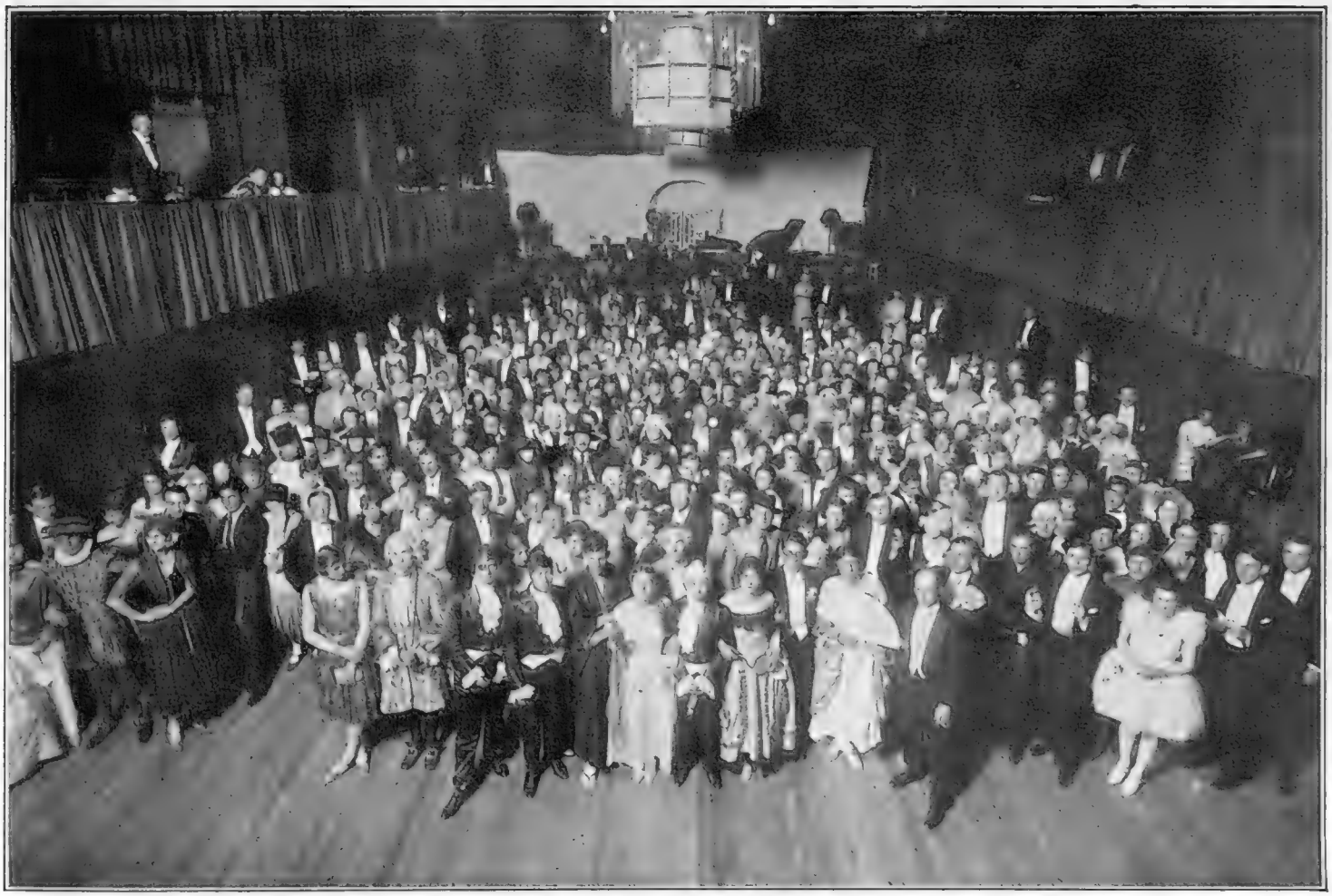
"GIVING 'EM HELL"

The Committee of the O.U.D.S. "Hell" Ball in their imposing and awe-inspiring robes of office. On this planet they are J. Chisholm (standing, left) C. S. Mundy, and J. Aldridge. Seated: V. S. Stavreidi (left), P. B. Moynihan, and H. S. Barnes



MEN OF MOMENT AT OXFORD

The Committee of the St. John's College Commemoration Ball looking *very* official. The group shows, standing: B. S. Wingate-Saul (left), J. T. Bett, T. J. Wilson, E. J. P. Cussen, and D. B. J. Ambler. Seated: P. J. A. Saott (left), S. H. Noakes, and J. D. Mabbott



Photographs "AMONG THOSE PRESENT" *Hills and Saunders*

Some of those who forgot this world's worries for the evening to take part in the O.U.D.S. "Hell" Ball, where, it is hoped, they had an appropriately good time. Fancy dress was optional ,but the committee set an example in this respect by appearing in suitable costumes

THIS GREYHOUND BUSINESS

By "PENDARVES"

It is, of course, a business. Pure and simple. But how long the dogs will remain simple enough to be deceived by this spurious "hare" is a matter of conjecture.

A very brass-hatted person, deeply involved in the promotion and management of the greyhound business, essayed the other day to put me right about the ethics of the matter. His endeavours were punctuated by repeated jabs with a forefinger at one of my waistcoat buttons—I do *wish* people wouldn't do that.

He explained away this mystery of the dogs being deprived of their own trainer's care and attention by being, perforce, handed over to the "official" trainers on the course. He said this was necessary to enable the trainers to know which "class" to run the dog in. Otherwise you or I ("dear reader") might enter a red-hot dog, all secret like, who would romp home with the race and with the enormous stake of £10. That you and I and a platoon of pals, knowing this, might descend upon the betting market, with the result that the broker's men would be sitting in the parlours of all the bookmakers' homes drinking bottles of stout—in other words, the millennium! Of course, I *see* that the bookmakers must be protected, poor fellows, and all that sort of thing. And it is, of course, obvious that the dogs must run in their own class, and not in about four classes below their form. And the spectators and others who have made scathing remarks on the point will see, as I did, the reason for this legislation.

One must try to be impartial about all things new and wonderful, otherwise people say one is getting old. And, indeed, there is nothing very novel about greyhound racing as such. It has been going on for a long time. But it has only quite recently burst into full tongue in London, and there will very soon be racecourses all over the country. So that the bookies, who a few months ago were cursing Mr. Churchill and talking about starvation, now find a new and glorious field of opportunity stretching before them.

I cannot help feeling that the basic principle of the whole, at present flourishing, business is BETTING. And those who cannot exist with any degree of mental comfort without a gamble have now got their chance, three times weekly, after leaving the office, or the scaffolding, or the welk stall, for the price of 1s. 2d., 5s., or 10s. admission. The bookmakers are there in their vociferous hundreds. You shout to your companion to make yourself heard. . . . "Ere y'are: I'll take six ter four the field: I'll lay even money Dogsbodie—evens Clithero—two ter one Bandstand—two ter one Dungaree. I'll take four ter one Arcangel. . . ."

The first thing you will observe is that the fraternity is taking no risks. The risk, on the other hand, is very much your own. The meeting lasts for two hours. The actual racing on the night when I looked on (an average sort of night) lasted exactly 2 minutes 22.72 seconds. There were seven races. Each race averaged in point of actual duration about 31.28 seconds. The rest of the time is spent in making up your mind which dog to pick out in the next race to lose your money on. Some of these superlatively wise punters have already decided, and stated to me quite definitely, that if you back the favourite each time you are "all right." It may be so. But with the bookmaker *taking* odds, this does not raise me to the pitch of tense excitement that one hopes for in "le sport." I noticed in the paper next morning that one of the seven dogs in the seven races which cost me my small packet "cut in on the rails on the turn for home and put paid to Jawarek." In view of my position this "put paid" phrase I find exceedingly irritating.

Greyhounds in action are naturally a lovely sight. And if one comes to the Stadium with the after-dinner cigar, from an æsthetic point of view—well, splendid! But do they? I am listening to the babel of voices: watching the faces: hearing the language: studying the moods: observing the rapacious expressions. Do they? . . .

One must, I suppose, in fairness say, do they go in their thousands to Kempton Park to study the artistic lines of a horse? They do not. They go to make a bit. But there is something lovely about the Paddock parade: the prancing to the post: the gay colours of the jockeys: the magnificent fettle of the horses themselves, of whom one way and another you can see quite a lot if you want to.

You see deuced little of these graceful dogs, however fond you are of them. White-coated men walk them once round the Stadium, which is a very big place. Then they are shut up in the trap. The mechanical hare comes round gathering speed on its live rail—the only thing live about it. And here occurs a very odd matter. While the "hare" is coming along its track and is nearing the starting-post, the dogs suddenly go crazy with excitement, *although they cannot see it*, because it is behind them. It flashes by, and so do the dogs. It disappears after one lap—and so do the dogs. Then, having torn up your betting ticket, you begin all over again.

"'Ere y'are now: come on: what d'yer want? I'll take six ter four Wotnot. . . ."

They caught the "hare" the other night at Hull. Something went wrong with the works. What interests me most about this greyhound business is what the dogs thought of *that* little episode?

Alas, we shall never know.

By Hiscocks

F. T. BADCOCK

The coach of the Wellington Cricket Association, who is the most solid all-rounder among the New Zealanders visiting this country. He is a first class bat bowler and cover-point

Trained to a Tee

BY MAC

Our artist's impression of some of the leading lights of the golf world who joined battle for Championship honours at St. Andrew's this week. The international note is well sustained again this year, the four corners of the world coming to arms with a vengeance in pursuit of the coveted title

THE RACER

By REGINALD SANDERS

Illustration by CUNINGHAM

I CAME out of the "Blue Boar" and paused on the step to adjust my goggles. That done, I turned to contemplate my "Infant" car. I was proud both of its shining newness and its comfortable lines. "None of this streamline business for me," I had said when the wife and I chose it at the Show.

But my contemplation was of short duration. Drawn up side by side with my "Infant" was a long, lean, grey racer. It was three or four times the length of my own car, and seemed to dwarf it, in spite of its "top hamper" being innocent of any diversion from the streamline save a miniature wind-screen.

A man in an ancient and oil-stained leather coat leaned carelessly against the monster's side, close by the one-man cockpit, and as I approached I tried to recollect the faces of all the prominent speed kings I had seen in the illustrated papers.

I'm afraid I rather neglected the "Infant" as I walked three times round the racer, examining its lines in the way that the etiquette of the road permits. It's quite all right to go and inspect another man's car, you know, and I never mind other folk inspecting my "Infant." If you were to go and inspect a fellow's wife that would be rude, but his car is quite different.

I peered into the ends of the giant external exhausts, and carelessly studied the dials on the dashboard (and secretly wondered what they were all for). The time of day I knew at first sight, and the speedometer I think I placed at the third attempt, but beyond that I was just a trifle hazy. That's the worst of different makes of cars not being to standard.

The man in the leather coat turned his head and caught my eye. The smear of grease on his face might have made him appear rather a rough lot to the uninitiated, but one cannot go by appearances in the motor-racing world. I wondered if he belonged to the moneyed amateur class or was merely one of the professional cracks. I tried hard to recall some of the long words used by "Speedywings" in that last article of his, in order that I might commence the conversation with a technical remark, but the man himself saved me further trouble.

"Bit of a cross wind on the way down," he said. "Makes her swerve a shade."

"Yes," I assented, "I noticed it myself."

He glanced towards my "Infant." Apparently having seen nothing, he turned back to me. "The trouble is," he went on, "she's not built for the road. The moment you get her off the track she doesn't feel at home. You can tell it by her note. Then there's the Police——" He broke off and frowned and said something beneath his breath that I prefer to say I did not catch. I nodded in sympathy, and he brightened up.

"They don't seem to understand that it's not possible to get her to do less than seventy. Why, I took the trouble to explain to a Sergeant down the road that she wouldn't keep on turning over at sixty, and I really think the fellow only half believed me. And he actually had the nerve to make a lot of notes about her throttle. As if you could expect the noise of a kitten from an eighteen-cylinder supercharged! It's Victorian, sir, positively Victorian!

"Then there's the way they spread these level-crossings about the countryside. It's a perfect scandal. What's a fellow to do with a bus like this when there isn't a brake made that will stop her below three hundred yards? They're man-traps, nothing less than man-traps. I suppose you could say that the track isn't exactly child's play when you're trying to get through a crowd on a bend at well over the hundred and a tyre goes, and that it's a nasty feeling to lose a wheel, even on the straight but give me the track to the road, any day."

"No, sir, the road's no fit place these days for a car worth calling the name. As I was saying to Segrave only the other day——"

He stopped suddenly in the middle of the sentence and a look of fear crossed his face. I followed his gaze and saw a small and very dirty mechanic from the hotel garage approaching. The newcomer stuck his freckled face forward aggressively and said:

"The guv'nor don't want no brass cleaned to-day, and ain't I told yer before about 'anging about 'ere? You 'op off while you've got something to 'op with, or I'll bust yer ruddy nose in."

At the words my late informant snatched a rusty push-bike from its repose against the fence, mounted hastily, and wobbled away down the road.

A Society Engagement

Hay Wrichtson

Miss Katherine Hariot Kinloch, whose engagement to Lord Brownlow was recently announced. Miss Kinloch is the youngest daughter of Brigadier-General Sir David Kinloch, C.B., M.V.O., and Lady Kinloch

With the Hunt in India

"ALL ON A HUNTING MORNING"

A view of the field at the opening meet of the Ootacamund Hunt. It took place at Fernhill Palace by permission of that famous sportsman, the Maharajah of Mysore

Photographs *Willie Burke*

BEFORE THE RUN

The Maharajah of Mysore and his staff moving down One Tree Hill to the draw. (Inset) H.E. Lord Goschen is seen arriving for the meet

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Might just as well remain in Paris"

Mes Amis—

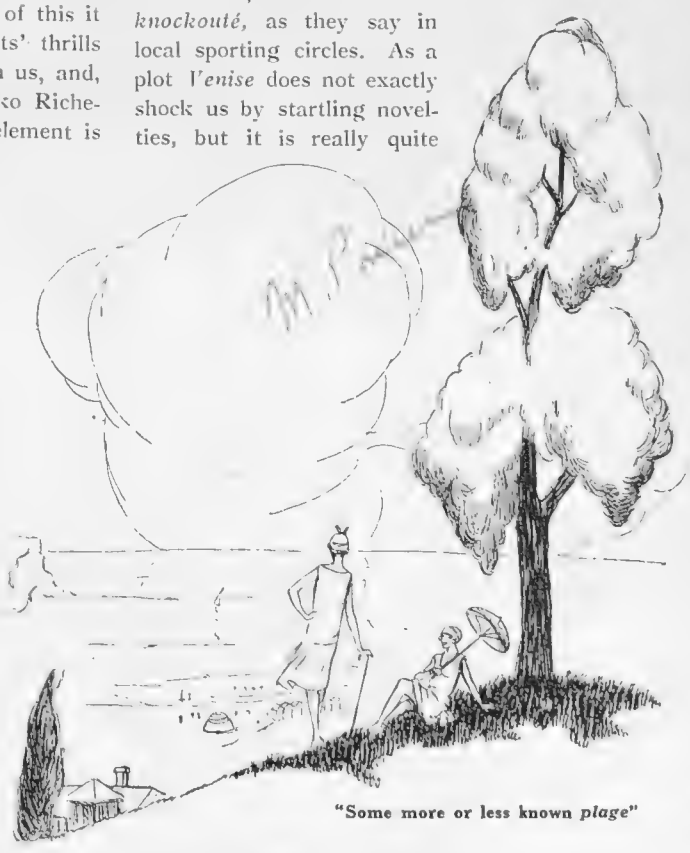
On reflection, I suppose one ought to have expected something of the sort from an author with such a name as Mouezy-Eon. M. Mouezy-Eon's name has always intrigued me. It does not seem at all a likely name for a Paris playwright. One half of it looks as if it ought to belong to the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, who used to do so much desperate rough-riding in local newspapers of dubious geography, while the other half appears more suitable for a commercialiser of the Einstein theory. Mind you, I am not finding fault with the name. Pronounced in the French fashion it has a quite nice mellifluous sound. I am merely emphasising the interest I have found in its vast difference from those of the Paris playwrights generally. Which ought to have prepared one for the unexpected, but didn't.

The play concerned was announced by the Théâtre Marigny, favourite Champs-Elysée resort of hot summer evenings, under the title of *Venise*. Naturally, in view of recent tendencies, it was presumed that the operette would be devoted to the eccentricities of the Lido, with jazz music appropriate to the pyjama parties that the "book" would helpfully mix up until the closing stages of the third act. But instead of this it is a revival of Arabian Nights' thrills that M. Mouezy-Eon has given us, and, so far from the music of Tiarko Richepin being jazzy, the *dansant* element is almost excluded. There was a double shock, therefore, for the unprepared, yet, once we had got our bearings, the entertainment was most enjoyable.

Gianetto, the Aladdin of *Venise*, is the dreamy clerk of a notary whose only recommendation is his pretty daughter Stella. Both he and the notary's other clerk, Marcantonio, wish to marry Stella. She loves Gianetto, but the notary is rather exigent. The acceptable suitor must possess a million in gold, the most luxurious palace in Venice, and the most magnificent pearl necklace in the world. Even for a notary that must be regarded as unduly ambitious, and as a method of eliminating his clerks from the contest, he was entitled to consider it adequate. Gianetto decides that he might as well return to his hovel.

But on the way he restores a precious stone to a mendicant who has dropped it—even beggars, apparently, wandered about with priceless jewellery in ancient Venice—and as a reward the mendicant presents him with a talisman which only requires a wish for the production of the gold million and the pearl necklace. Gianetto is therefore on the easy road, but that Marcantonio turns villain of the piece and contrives to have the talisman stolen. Still, though Gianetto throws himself into the convenient canal, luck, as imagined by M. Mouezy-Eon, refuses to let him out of her clutches.

The magnificent, barbaric vessel to which he is carried by rescuers belongs to the wealthy Ali Mahmud, and Ali does not require many minutes to recognise him as his long-lost son. After that, Marcantonio is *knockouté*, as they say in local sporting circles. As a plot *Venise* does not exactly shock us by startling novelties, but it is really quite pleasant. For one thing the cast includes the excellent comedian, Raimu, and that delightful *chanteur*, André Baugé. There are not many more enjoyable ways of spending an evening than to sit in the Champs-Elysées and listen to the singing of André Baugé.



"Some more or less known *plage*"

While *Venise* has the simplicity of the fairy tale the other new play, *Par le bout du nez*, at the Théâtre Femina, got me completely confused. It seemed to be always a case of the other *amant* and the other *amante*, and, when one was beginning to get accustomed to the idea that it is the unexpected that happens, there was a switch round to the plain and straightforward. When René Dargelle, a student who was thoroughly content with his mineralogy, was seized by a *maîtresse* he did not want, he was sufficiently embarrassed, but then he was waylaid by another, equally undesired, and challenged to a couple of duels in the bargain. And it was only at this stage that the authors sought to persuade us that he had begun

to like it. Perhaps it was the best way out. There was always the danger that another *maîtresse* might slip in to lead him *par le bout du nez.*

THIS is supposed to be the period when everybody who makes a pretence of being anybody has completed the packing and hied away to some more or less known *plage*, but I really doubt if there will be as much of an effort as there was in some years to conceal one's presence in Paris after the Grand Prix had been run. Frankly speaking, there does not seem to have been any high season in Paris this year, so there is no marked "break" to lay down a departure date or inaugurate a time-table. The fact that the Grand Prix was run under very damp conditions appeared to be thoroughly in keeping with this submerged season, and it was apparently the feeling of practically everyone that they might just as well remain in Paris until alternative attractions presented a brighter appeal.

"Cosy tea-rooms"

MOREOVER, the managers of some of the seaside hotels, and even more so the proprietors of seaside villas, have got it into their heads that this is the year when fortunes should be made in a single month, or, at the most, two months. I can't conceive where they gathered the impression, but it is obviously very strong, as many of them are stipulating prices 50 per cent. higher than those of last year, when the franc possessed (nominally) only half its present value. These gentlemen will probably find that at the end of the *vacances* they are left with nothing but stipulations, for Parisians are not in the mood to pay fancy prices this summer, M. Poincaré having long ago marked all their spare wealth and much that they did not want to spare.

The period of packing

THIS intolerable greed on the part of seaside villa proprietors must, incidentally, be rather helpful to manufacturers of the cheaper motor cars. When a Parisian is asked twenty thousand francs for a three-month possession of a seaside cottage he realises that he can buy quite a good car for very little more, with the advantage that it will still be there when the holiday season is over. I have heard of a number of people who are purchasing cars instead of hiring villas, and they will probably enjoy their holidays much better than if they felt they were being swindled. After all, Paris is in the heart of a beautiful district, and requires a lot of beating as a touring centre. . . . But it just occurs to me that perhaps the villa proprietors wanted to buy cars out of their immense profits. They deserve to wait.

I HAVE just been taking the first of the hot-weather lunches at Smith's in the Rue de Rivoli, the ideal place when a breathless July has taken the edge off one's appetite for heavy meals, and I find they have indulged in a new decorative scheme. It makes you feel you are back in the cosy tea-rooms of some charming old English cathedral city, Wells or Salisbury. For the Rue de Rivoli, that is an achievement worth remarking. RENÉ.

IRRESPONSIVE

I SPOKE with quick impassioned zeal;
My point of view
I could not make you see nor feel,
And this I knew.

I urged each point with eloquence,
And also tact,
Explained with lucid commonsense
Each hazy fact.

I tried to speak as statesmen do,
I could but try:
In spite of all my efforts you
Made no reply.

And yet my work was warranted,
As time has shown,
You took in every word I said—
O microphone!

LESLIE M. OYLER.

"—And Heard Great Argument"

Sasha

THE HOUSTON SISTERS

Renée (left) appeals to Musical Director George to support her in the wordy war she is waging with the dourly direct Billie
These clever sisters from North of the Tweed are great favourites in the vaudeville world

WHITE BIRDS AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Produced May 26, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

ACCORDING to the programme, this very spectacular revue is produced by "Mithayrion," a name which may be invoked only by craftsmen of proved excellence. "It might apply to a literary work or to a silken dressing-gown, but to find the word connected with either article would proclaim that article as the product of a master mind." And as we find it has been applied to the present revue the inference is obvious. After all, when once you have settled in your own mind that your Show is the Perfect Thing, it really does not matter what the other fellow may think about it.

ONE scene at least is a triumph of stage management, where the master mind may well be considered, as Sir Boyle Roche might say, to have got its hand in. It is called "Traffic in Souls," and for all I know to the contrary it may be holding up the Awful Example to the Dope Fiends of the Underworld. The stage is hemmed in on three sides by lofty tenement buildings with narrow streets between them, and represent with a nice fidelity a bad patch of Montmartre in Paris. The streets which debouch into an open space or square are thronged for the most part with undesirable people. There is much coming and going, with incidental pantomime in between, and occasional dances by the noble army of Apaches. At the corner of one street is a night club, from which gentlemen emerge in a mildly intoxicated state, usually accompanied by a lady friend whose friendship is her stock-in-trade.

AT the corner of one street a child of tender years is playing with her pet goat; and in the centre of the square is a girl of simple beauty selling flowers. Here and there a Dope Fiend who has got it badly gropes or shuffles along in the vain search for "another of the same" on trust, and the confused medley whirls along until at last something definite really happens. A gentleman inhabiting the top floor of one of the tenements throws his wife out of the window. This is the simple, human note that we can all understand. Perhaps she had been arguing about the equality of the sexes, and he felt that it was time to assert the Rights of Man. Following this sensational happening, the windows of all the tenements are swiftly thronged with horrified spectators who appear in all kinds of eccentric night attire—an extremely weird and fantastic scene. I was not able to follow the drift of the story, but the scene of wild and calculated confusion points to an extraordinary able effort of Production. The master mind has certainly got going in this part of the show.

THE leading humorist is Miss Maisie Gay, whose appearance is doubly welcome in an entertainment that favours dazzling spectacle rather than gentle frivolity. Miss Gay's first effort is a delightful song of nonsense entitled "What's to Become of the Children?" A little later we see her as a lonely lady of title returning to her first-floor flat after one (or, it may be, two) over the eight, and finding herself regrettably unable to climb the few stairs unaided. A polite gentleman who has also looked upon the wine-cup, and caught its eye successfully, chivalrously offers help, but, having dragged the lady to the top of the stairs, all he can do is to push her through the first open door, which proves to be the shaft of the lift. This well-meant attention is repeated until the lady begins to tire of the unrelieved montony of falling from an inconvenient height, and she finally decides to make the toilsome ascent alone. The scene is not altogether new to our stage, but Miss Maisie Gay makes it extremely funny, while her restrained exhibition of a polite "binge" is exquisite fun.

MONSIEUR MAURICE CHEVALIER is a humorist of a lighter kind, probably well known to most English visitors to Paris. His English is a little jerky, but you can see that he has got his heart in it. His lively duet with Yvonne Vallée, "Cuddle Up" (he pronounces it Curdle Erp), is distinctly popular; but a little later he gives a song in his own language which is received with fervent delight. It is called "Valentine," and has, I am told, been popular in Paris for some time. Valentine was the girl he loved for her dainty figure and dimpled chin, all described with a wealth of detail too rich for translation. When he met Valentine later in life he found that her dimpled chin had triplicated itself, while the dainty figure had developed correspondingly, and M. Chevalier shudders as he draws a map of it with his hands in the air. It is a nice, racy song told in plain words and descriptive gesture, and it seems to be readily understood by an appreciative audience.

ANOTHER kind of humorist is Mr. Tex McLeod, who rattles off droll

comments on the events of the day while making complicated loops in a revolving lariat. His skipping performance with a sideways movement is rather better than the usual cowboy stunt to which we have been accustomed, and his reception is deservedly flattering. The chief features of the revue, however, are its scenic dances and its rich colourings. The ladies of the ballet adapt themselves to the varying circumstances as required. In the glowing scene "Tomawama Land" we have Florence Brady and her Indian Squaws. Presently, in a display of rich Oriental trappings, the Indian Squaws have become Miss Brady's Arabian White Birds, who develop later still into White Bird Steppers. Their dancing is, however, very graceful and very lively, and is by way of being a liberal entertainment in itself. Miss Mildred Melrose is announced to give "A few lessons in Kicks and Splits," which are promptly and smartly delivered. The turn is bewilderingly clever, and rouses the house to great enthusiasm.

A turn called "The Business Trip" is a little outbreak of cynicism which is perhaps born of the times in which we live. Jake is called away from home on business, and Lucyenne, his young wife, appears terribly distressed at the parting so soon after their marriage. So far the symptoms are normal, and the temperature likewise. But no sooner is Jake's back turned than Sam emerges from his hiding-place in a cupboard and proceeds, as this entertainment elsewhere has it, to Cuddle Up. Unexpectedly Jake returns for some papers he had left behind, and Sam is rushed back to his hiding-place just in time. Jake takes another tender leave of his tearful wife, and then as he passes the cupboard he knocks on the door and calls out cheerfully, "Good-bye, Sam!" as he hurries away. The entertainment moves towards its conclusion with an elaborate scene from Dickens's "Oliver Twist," and the indispensable White Bird Steppers bring the evening to a tumultuous close.

INGLE

THE "RED" PERIL AT HIS MAJESTY'S

An impression of one of the more spectacular scenes in "White Birds," where, at this particular moment, "red" seems the prevailing colour. The characters in this sketch appear to be having a good "look see"

THE GLAMOUR OF THE PICTURESQUE PAST RE

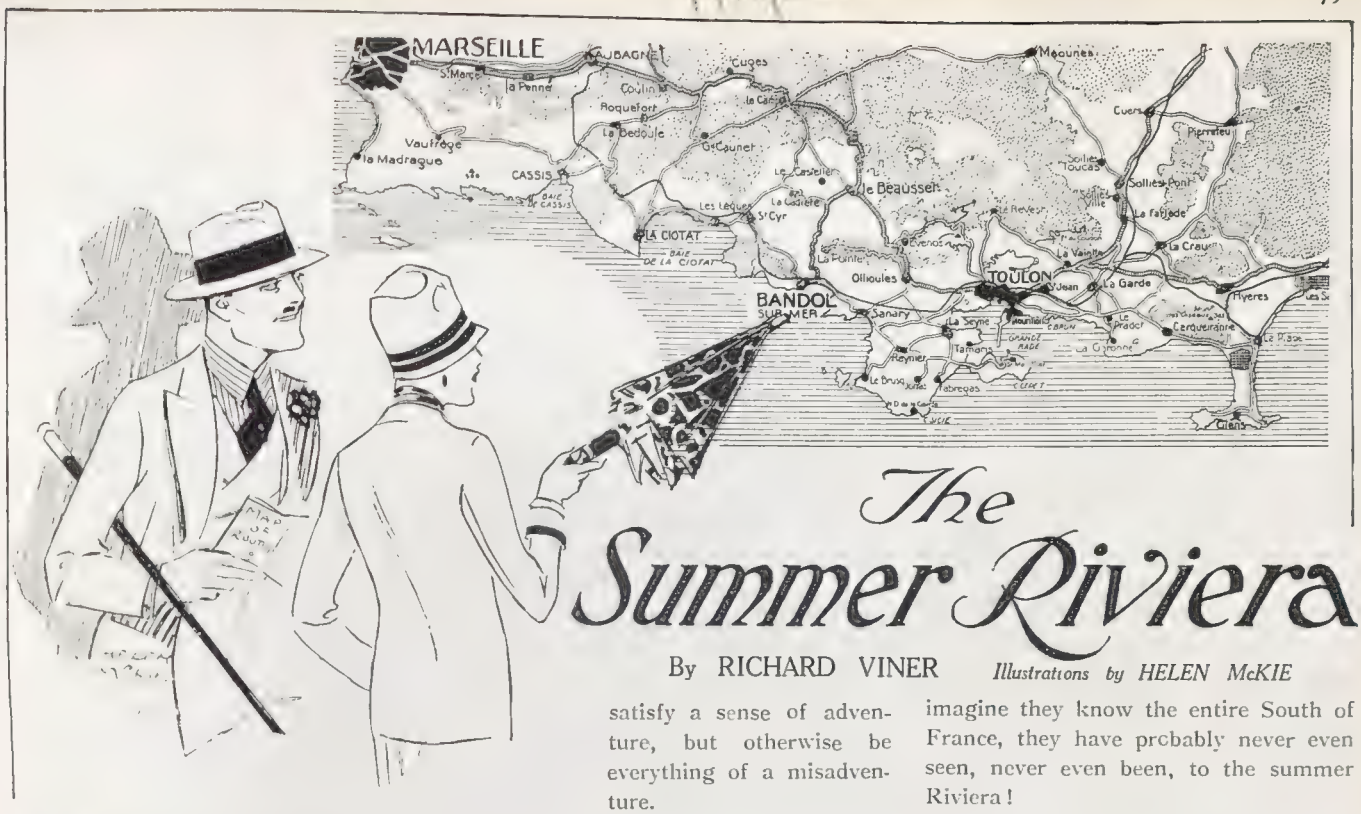
A striking scene during the first episode of the Scottish Historical Pageant to be held at Craigmillar Castle, near Edinb... on the meeting between Princess Margaret, who has arrived with her English retinue, including the Earl of Surrey, the Ar...iop ... Glasgow, who blessed the pair, is seen on the right of the g..., all

BY M. MACMICHAEL

REVIVED NEAR SCOTLAND'S ANCIENT CAPITAL

n Thursday, Friday and Saturday this week in aid of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses. Our artist shows p of York and the Bishop of Durham, and her betrothed, King James IV of Scotland. Robert Blackadder, Archbishop of all of whom are portrayed above in historically correct costumes

HARES AND GRACES



The Summer Riviera

By RICHARD VINER *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

HOLIDAYS and love affairs—some love affairs—have something in common. By which I do not mean that love affairs are very common on holidays; they are; but both involve an inordinate amount of worry. One involves the question of where to go, and the other of whether to have him! In the course of which the afflicted will ask everyone to make up their minds for them, and then finish by ignoring all advice and making up their own.

"You know the Continent," someone will say. "Tell me where I can go for a fortnight or so." And forthwith you plunge into vivid description of places that occur as suitable to their personality, for places can be as incompatible as persons. Do they wish to move about you may go to the trouble of preparing them an itinerary, to discover for your efforts that they have decided to go "where we went last year. We know it, you see."

"They know it." That's it. Familiarity. And familiarity with a place breeds the confidence of knowing exactly what they are going to do on holiday and where they are going to do it. An unenterprising lot, holiday makers, but I sympathise with them. For those who work for eleven months and more in the year it is natural they should take some precautions against a dull time, and landing in a place you know nothing of may satisfy a sense of adventure, but otherwise be everything of a misadventure.

It was not until I found myself — unwillingly — on the Riviera last summer and September that I believed a word of its vaunted perfection in summer. And now, having discovered it, having acquired the necessary familiarity with it, I am discovering, also, that part of the pleasure of finding a new place for a holiday, if it be an enjoyable one, is the subsequent vanity one takes in recommending it to others. Unless proprietary selfishness or the necessity of solitude restrains a natural egotism.

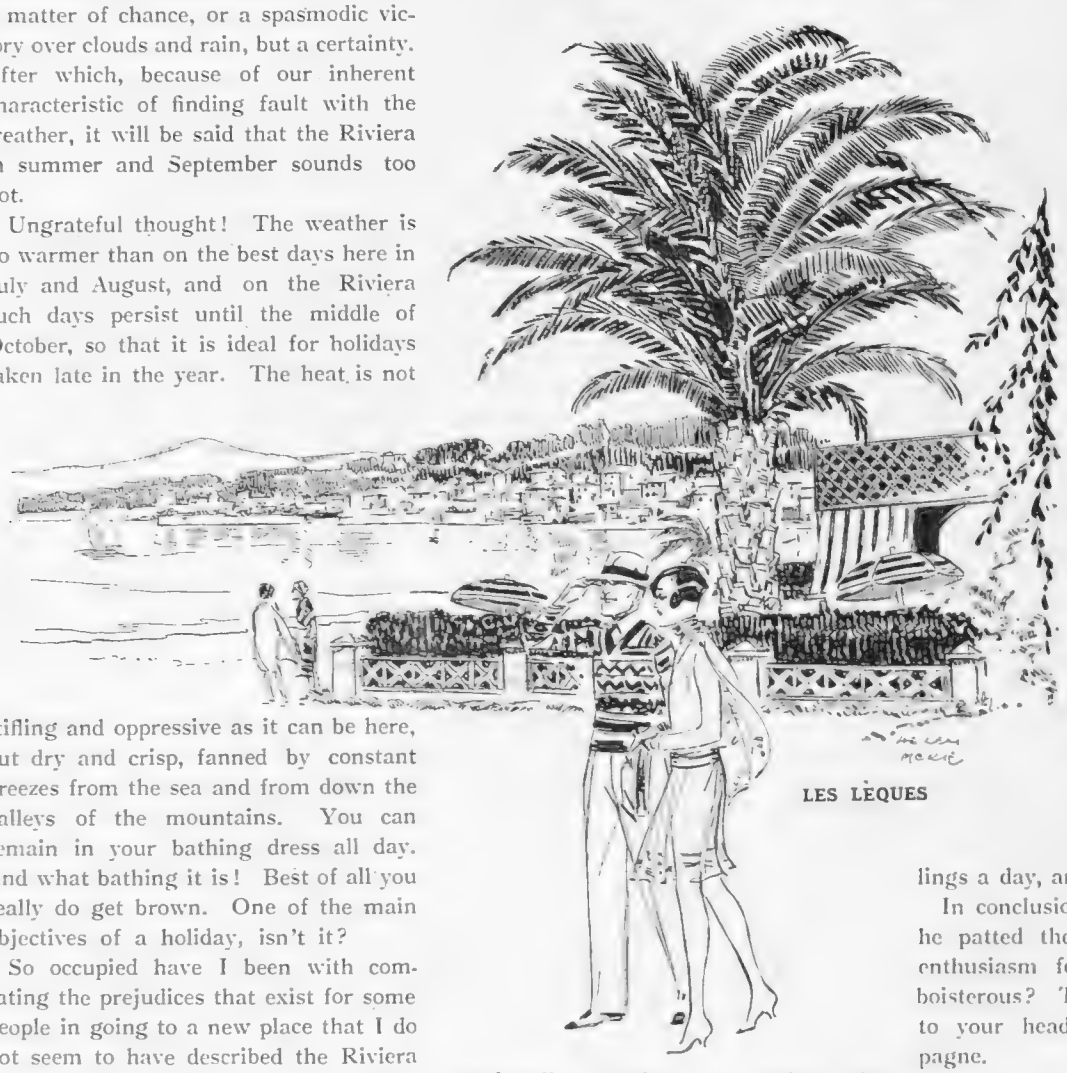
Unfettered by either consideration, what, let me ask, have you heard of the Riviera in summer and September? To pursue my premise, one advantage—or disadvantage?—is that the Riviera as a resort is familiar to everyone whether they have been there or not! But that is about as far as the familiarity goes, for although those who go to Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo in winter imagine they know the entire South of France, they have probably never even seen, never even been, to the summer Riviera!

They are calling it in the guide books, I believe, the New Riviera, and it runs from Marseilles to St. Raphael, just where the train that takes you to the

A PERENNIAL ATTRACTION
Juan-les-Pins is already well known in Summer

customary resorts keeps resolutely inland so that it is unsuspected by the majority of winter visitors. Add to this beautiful piece of coast beneath the Maures Mountains the glory of the Esterel's red porphyry that extends from St. Raphael to La Napoule near Cannes and you will find summer resorts phenomenal. The phenomenon being, for us—the sun. For there the sun does shine. It is not a matter of chance, or a spasmodic victory over clouds and rain, but a certainty. After which, because of our inherent characteristic of finding fault with the weather, it will be said that the Riviera in summer and September sounds too hot.

Ungrateful thought! The weather is no warmer than on the best days here in July and August, and on the Riviera such days persist until the middle of October, so that it is ideal for holidays taken late in the year. The heat is not stifling and oppressive as it can be here, but dry and crisp, fanned by constant breezes from the sea and from down the valleys of the mountains. You can remain in your bathing dress all day. And what bathing it is! Best of all you really do get brown. One of the main objectives of a holiday, isn't it?



LES LÈQUES

So occupied have I been with combating the prejudices that exist for some people in going to a new place that I do not seem to have described the Riviera in summer and September at all—apart from a liberal use of exclamation marks!

That is perhaps because I do not know where to begin. It is like trying to decide who is the most beautiful of innumerable pretty sisters. Only sisters are never all as beautiful and as attractive as these places on the New Riviera. Even Marseilles, where no one has ever yet been known to descend on their way to the winter Riviera, has the most enjoyable of bathing resorts two miles out of the town.

And look at Les Lèques, with the blue water rolling idly against the sand and the plane trees interlacing their leafy arms above the street, one jolly hotel opening on to the sea and another overlooking the bay amidst a garden of palm trees and flowers, I remember. . . . No, I am becoming sentimental and I must only be descriptive. The simplicity of little places like Les Lèques, Six Fours, Cavalaire, St. Aygulf, Anthéor, is fascinating in itself, though when you come to a place like Bandol, after Les Lèques, you find all the distraction of a popular resort. For on a little promontory that separates the harbour from a natural and glorious bathing pool there is an amusing little casino with its gambling and dancing, and throughout the town you are continually running up against the announcements of Hollywood's latest productions. So that do you ask for solitude or gaiety, they are both to be found on the summer Riviera.

After Bandol comes Les Sablettes—jolly names, aren't they?—with its casino almost in the sea. Then past Toulon to Carquieranne, Hyères Plage—not the Hyères of winter months, but right on the sea—Le Lavandou, Cavalaire (" My heart stood still! ") and Le Rayol. Le Rayol slips down to the sea on the side of a mountain, and with its tennis courts and hotels, its decorative restaurants, and bathing boxes looking over the sandy bay, it is like a miniature Deauville. But it will not remain in miniature long.

Agay after St. Raphael, set in a background of red rock, bewitches you from the moment you step out of the train. I never knew such a happy, smiling bay, I never knew that sea could be so blue or time pass so enjoyably, unless, of course, it were at Théoule a few miles on. (Fidelity is impossible amidst such a bevy of irresistible fascination!) Théoule, adjectivally almost indescribable, is like a demure débutante—the last one left!—beneath the austere chaperonage of the overhanging mountains. I would tell you more of this seaside garden. How one has breakfast and lunch and tea and dinner under gay coloured umbrellas in the open, or makes picnics by motor boat in the beautiful Isles de Lérins opposite Cannes, but I would like you to have some of my surprised delight when I first found it in summer.

Juan-les-Pins is already well known in summer, and Monte Carlo, with bathing at Larvotto adjoining, is, I always think, perennially attractive, especially in September. It is at Monte Carlo and Beauvellon, near St. Maxime, that the golfers go in the summer. Good tennis, by the way, is to be had at all these places, and in parentheses—or should it be in headlines?—the best hotels charge no more than ten shillings a day, and at others even less.

In conclusion, as the cardinal said as he patted the actress's knee, has my enthusiasm for the South been too boisterous? Then it is the sun. It goes to your head like that. Just champagne.

R. V.

DEAR BISKRA

UNNUMBERED palms make Biskra fair;
And since in deserts trees are rare,
To Biskra comes, with floppy strides,
The camel that the Arab rides
In search of shelter from the glare.

We roving Britons who repair
To Biskra for a change of air
See much to marvel at besides
Unnumbered palms.

The girls who dance away dull care;
The dervish with dishevelled hair:
We visit with our courteous guides
The entertainment each provides.
But oh, the cost of greasing their
Unnumbered palms!

C. R. GREEN.

"Come Unto These Yellow Sands"

Horace W. Nicholls

There is an unparalleled beauty and grace in this photographic study taken "somewhere in England," where Nature's play of sunlight and shadow blends with the camera's art in portraying the silent majesty of an outgoing tide

A Camera Foursome from the Links

F. SNARE *Photo Illus.*

Who captained the Senior Golfers of America in the first annual tournament, which took place at Addington recently

AN ENGLISH PAIR *Sport and General*

Colonel F. Popham, Hon. Secretary of the English Senior Golfers Society, and Mr. H. Webling, Hon. Secretary of the Golfing Association of Canada

THE OLD BRIGADE

The first annual tournament for golfers over 55 years of age took place recently at Addington. Teams representing Great Britain, Canada and America competed

G. S. LYON *Sport and General*

Eight times Amateur Champion of Canada. He captained the Canadian team in the Senior Golfers Tournament

S. L.

AT THE "NINETEENTH"

The combined teams of the House of Commons and the Surbiton Golf Club photographed before their match over the latter's course. The home team won comfortably, registering ten games to their opponent's four

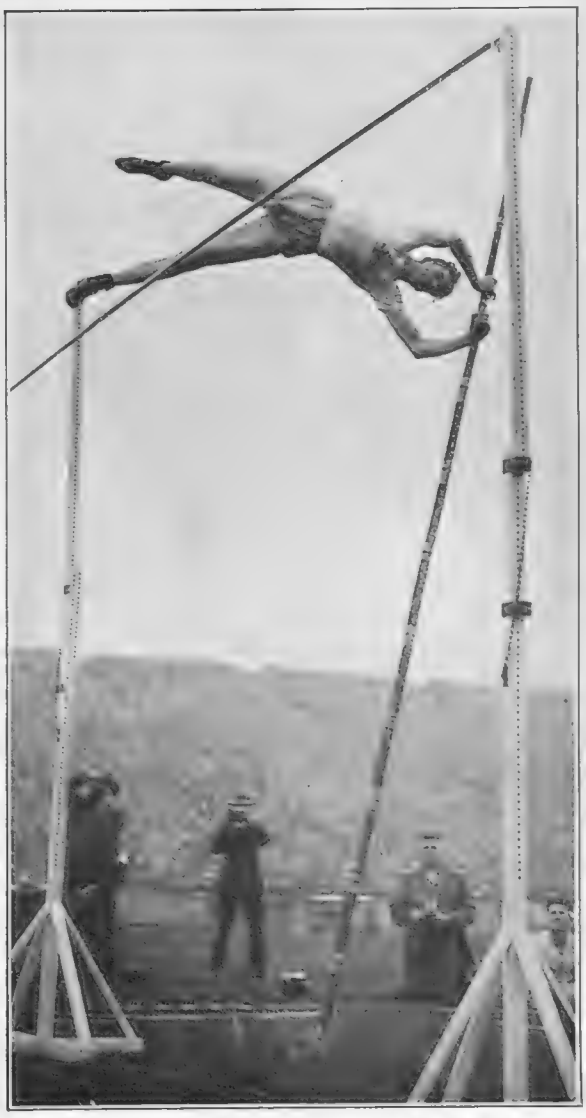
A League of Nations at Stamford Bridge

Topical

The start of the 120 Hurdles, which was won by F. R. GABY, the holder (right). LORD BURGHLEY, seen on the left, equalled the world's record in the 440 Yards Hurdles

L.N.A.

S. ADOLFSSON (Swedish A.A.A.) winning the High Jump. He cleared 6ft.



Keystone

H. LINDBLAD (Swedish A.A.A.) winning the Pole Jump in good style

L.N.A.

H. HOUBEN (C.F.C. Preussen, Krefeld), the winner of the 220 Yards

Alfieri

D. G. A. LOWE (Achilles Club), who won the Half Mile

Some of the winners in the A.A.A. Championships at Stamford Bridge. Honours were well divided among the various countries represented

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It would appear that Mr. C. B. Cochran considers that Nuthall that glisters is gold!

. . . . .

Mr. Milligan, the boxer, says he wants a return match with Mr. Mickey Walker. But from what we saw in their last encounter he won't want that "mill" again.

. . . . .

The admirers of the American aviator who recently flew the Atlantic want to give him a testimonial. After such a performance, they could not give him the Byrd.

. . . . .

"I believe that woman's baby next door doesn't get enough to eat."

"Well, anyhow, it's a crying shame.'

. . . . .

An ultra-daring bathing costume is being worn by a lady at a South Coast resort. It is generally conceded that she outstrips all her rivals.

. . . . .

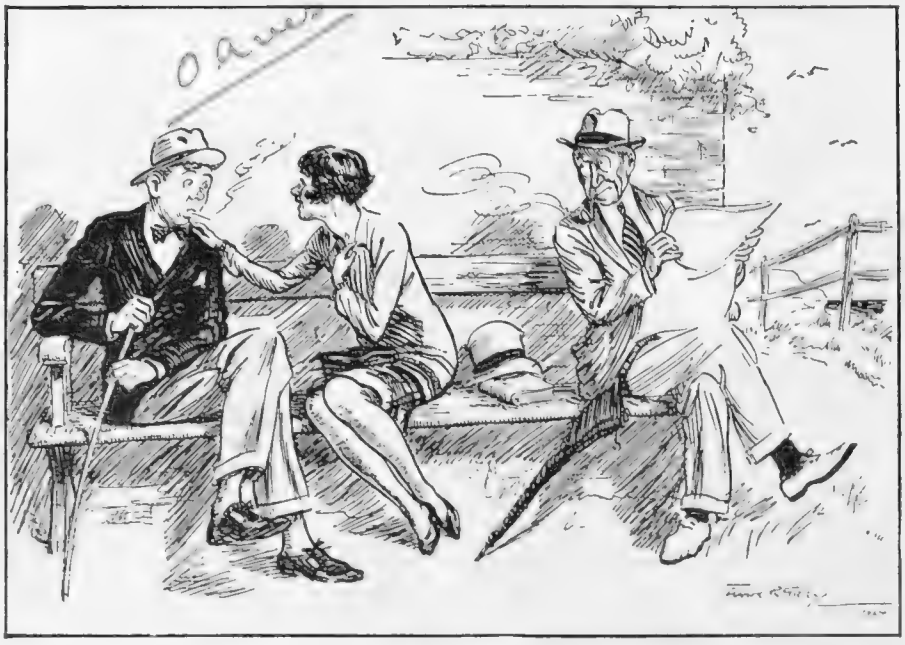
A lady friend says that her cat never miaous. We wonder how much the animal costs purr annum.

. . . . .

There was a young man from Tasmania,
Who had twenty-five wives in Albania;
He had ten in Peru,
In Greece thirty-two—
He suffered, you see, from Womania!

. . . . .

A man, arrested for drunkenness, explained that the reason was he had just got engaged. A clear case of "love at first tight."



By Frank R. Grey

A FACER

"My sister and me ain't no more alike than if we wasn't us; and she's just as different as me, only the other way I"

Stage Silhouettes

(*Mr. Aubrey Smith.*)

Though he has done the "hat-trick," all
Who've ever sat in pit or stall,
Will very easily recall
That he was not theatrical!

. . . . .

A lady journalist says that nowadays ragging is not nearly so prevalent in country houses. The guests can always rely on finding their beds in apple-pie order.

. . . . .

Answers to Correspondents:—

(*a*) We understand there is now no Welsh harper living at Hendon.

(*b*) No. The tiaras worn on Mayfair heads are totally different from the Diamond Skulls at Henley.

Questionnaire

Who invented the saxophone—and if so, why?

What film star has divorced the most husbands?

What is meant by the band of Hope and Sesame?

Did Henley ever write a poem on the Regatta?

What is the Isle of Wight feather?

Who wrote, "We want but little, Herr Bulow"?

. . . . .

A thought to ponder upon:—If 'all the 'buses in London were placed in a straight line, it would be a nuisance.

. . . . .

A musical critic says that Mr. Mark Hambourg is probably our most versatile pianist. Does he mean that he is always Chopin and changing about?

. . . . .

"Smith treats me as though I were a barometer."

"What do you mean?"

"He thinks he can 'tap' me whenever he likes."

. . . . .

"What's the matter with that hen of yours? She looks very dicky."

"Oh! I expect she's brooding over things."

. . . . .

Charged with throwing a potman through the window of a public house, the prisoner said he wanted "to have his fling"!

By Rick Elmes

"COMING EVENTS——"

Mother: "—And mind, no swimming to Calais to-day, as we are going home early"

A Sly Dig

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A pensive holidaymaker realises the softening influence of the sea

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"'Inform per immediately how, why, when and where you suffered to be marooned'"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

How sweetishly sad it are to be-muse at times on the days that are depart and can never return again any more. Sitting in my lusciously garnished *sanctum* complete with all the latest patents for comfort and ease, it seems more as æons ago since I found myself floating in the Transatlantic Ocean, sustained on the surface by only a smallish and entirely non-adequate share of an amphibian camel. Very little did I imagine to suppose in those awful moments that I should survive to impen these thrilling lines, but far more likely as not to presently impuncture like a bubble and sink to a watery decrease fathoms down among the *octopi* and suchly marine *carnivora*. But my good luck stars were on the ascendants and, as I shall now depict, I lived to tell the tale. The as follows extractions are from my diary at on or about:

Feb. 22-st. (late *p.m.*) Having succeeded to insure Hon. conductor of the s.s. *Bird of Freedom* that I had not suffered divorcings, but was legitimately non-nuptialled, he despatched a smallish vessel. But before making to rescue us from our liquid predicaments, 1 of the boat persons requeshed I should 1-st sign a paper more as yards long to inform that I was a confirmed non-alcoholist, non-tobacconist, non-Darwinist and lived only for pure and upliftish thoughts. I was then pulled into the boat more dead as alive and immediately collapsed into a swooning. When I recovered from same, I discovered to find that these Hon. nautical persons had refused to also rescue our aquatic camel because of his non-possessing a birth certificate, and saidly fortunateless quadrapetal was now emitting painful bellows of chagrin as it ploughed the waves in pursuit. On arriving to the s.s. *Bird of Freedom*, Alli (Hon. Arabian guide) and self suffered to be assiduously searched for bombs, bootlegs, propagandoes and other legitimateless assets. We were then put in a quarantine for 3 days in case we should produce measles, mumps or suchly non-legal disorders. When we had non-developed same, we were taken to Hon. conductor by several marine employees armed to their teeth with guns, bayonets, daggers and suchly martial decorations.

"Inform per immediately how, why, when and where you suffered to be marooned," ensnapped Hon. conductor.

In scarcely more as 3 or 5 modest words, I informed *re* concerning my epochal adventurings in Arabia among the Umboboes and the Hottentotters.

"What are your name?" he imbarked.

"My name," I responsed haughtishly, "are Yogo Hama, as you shall see if you gaze at the innumerous certificate papers I have signed."

There was a silents in which I could hear sounds no bigger as a bee's knee.

"Not--not—say, are you the—*the* Yogo Hama?" Hon. conductor requeshed, turning white to the teeth.

"There are only 1 Yogo Hama," I responsed in simple dignity tones. "All others, if any, are non-patent and legitimateless infringements."

In less as almost no time, the news was encirculated that the impoverish-looking person rescued from the watery deep was not any the less than Yogo Hama, the world's most scintlling *literati* and explorings expert. All at 1-ce I discovered to find myself thronged by innumerous passengers, masc and femn, all clad in tortoise spectacles, who squashed my hand with 100% grips and performed punches on my back with shattering *h.p.* Before less as 10 minutes had elapsed themselves, I was made to be an Hon. member of the Gyrators, the Mooses, the Fe-fi-fo-fums Society, the Dodoes, the Wig-wams, the Great Auks and other very exclusive *coteries*, with buttons to match. At lastly I adventured to require what land Hon. *Bird of Fortune* was steaming to arrive at.

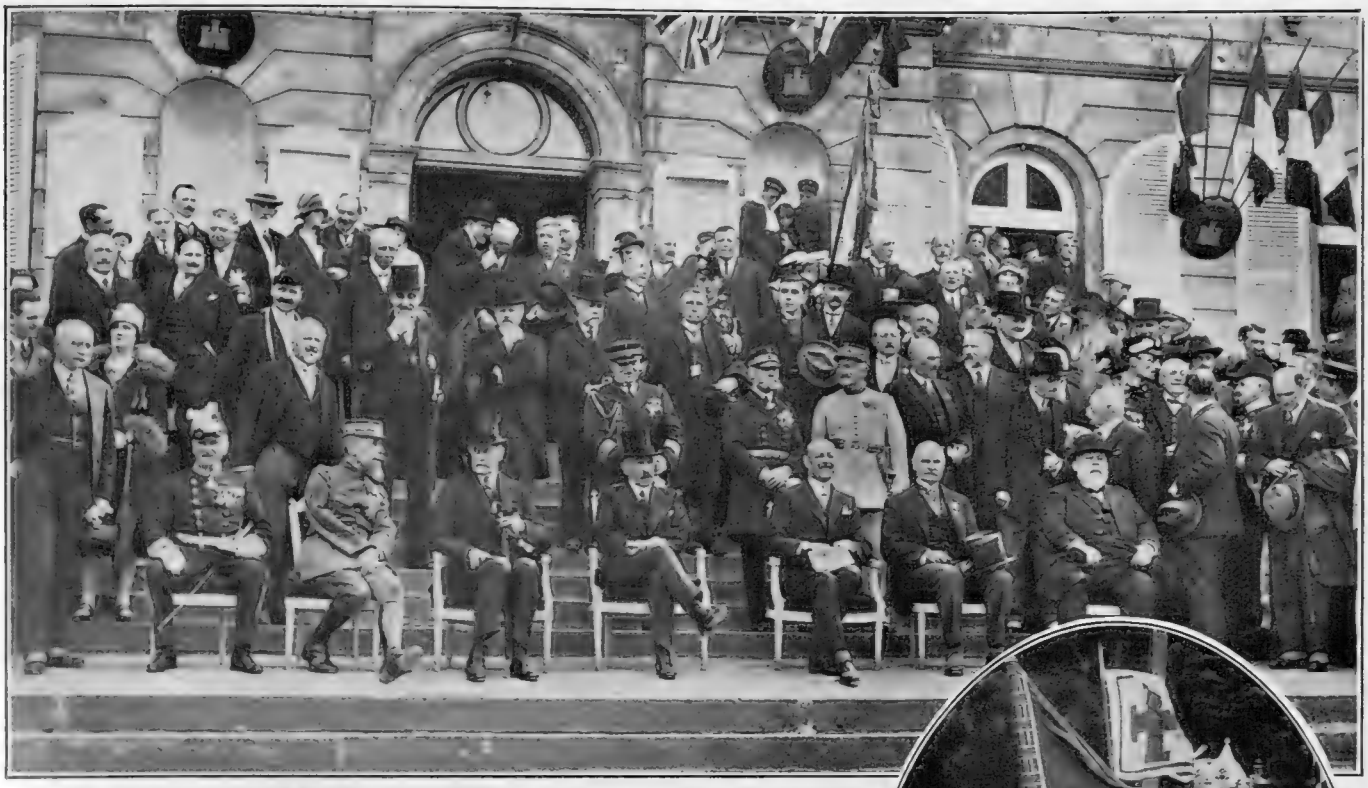
'Who squashed my hand with 100% grips"

"Say, bo, we're headin' straight for the finest lil' ole country on earth," responsed a very enormous person performing me an epochal slap on my back. "Yes, sir, we're bound for the Hail Columbias jes' as quick as we can plough through this gol-darn streak of water. It's a land, sir, where any free-born man can do as he darn pleases if he's right with the police, and think what he darn likes so long as he don't let other folks know it."

"This," I responsed, "sounds to be like a

(Continued on page 88)

Cementing the Entente in Pageantry



OUTSIDE THE HOTEL DE VILLE

A distinguished group watching the Anglo-Norman pageant which was recently staged with marked success at Falaise, the birthplace of The Conqueror. The photograph includes the Prefect of Calvados, the Deputy of Calvados, General Gourand, Lord Crewe, our Ambassador, the Danish Minister and the French Minister of Marine

Photographs *Sport and General*

NORMAN WILLIAM RETURNS TO FALAISE

A scene from the pageant celebrating the nine hundredth anniversary of the birth of William the Conqueror, who is seen riding through the streets of the old town on his white horse. Inset, William and Queen Mathilde are seen presiding over the Cour d'Amour. The pageant, which occasioned speeches of the utmost goodwill between England and France, will undoubtedly do much to further the friendly relations between the two countries

mundane paradise. How are it I have never heard of this so luscious spot?"

"Wal, I guess we're that modest we kinder shudder at the notion of publicity. That's our failing, stranger. We Hail Columbians are afraid to boost ourselves. But when it comes to art, literatoor, music and piety, we got the rest of the darned ole globe beat to a frazzle. We are, sir, the 100% goods and 1 of these days we'll tell the world!"

"It are an awfully comforting thought in these so modestless days to think there are persons who, like as the violet and suchly timid vegetables, seek to hide their lights under bushels," I responsed, choking a sob in my windpipes.

"That's so. Our public men, to say nothing of our public women, would sooner be killed than interviewed—you cain't do it. They are among the world's most refined intellects, but if they saw their names in print, they'd be scared stiff with shame."

"It are almost too beautiful to be true," I ejaculed, shyishly pushing from my face a silent tear which had leapt nonbidden to my eye. "How long are it before I shall refresh my sights with the spectacular of this so parallelless and fragrant land?

"I guess, sir, we'll hit it in about an hour."

"Kindly inform if I shall be constrained to sign more as dozens of papers *re* concerning my virtues, morals, distempers and other private perks? I imbegged.

"No, sir. I guess you're some celebrity. It's the poverty-struck crowd from Yurrup that come over here to drink our liberty-laden air and freeze on to our dollars, that we gotter watch. Say, there's the world-famous Statoo of Freedom."

I looked to see an enormous femn standing on a rock.

"Yes, sir, that's the Statoo of Freedom and she cost——"

"*Shush,*" I ejaculed aweishly, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

Yugo Hama

'I was made to be an Hon. member of the Gyrators . . . ."

By Hynes

A SUPER SUPPER SHOW

Some impressions gleaned by our artist at C. B. Cochran's latest supper show, "Champagne Time" at the Trocadero. This is a really sparkling entertainment, and although of an excellent vintage is most certainly not *Extra Sec*

Life—

bottled by

Worthington

No. 4 . . . . . .

The Annual Anxiety

PACKING

No man can pack according to woman; according to man every woman can pack—just the things he wants out, such as keys, that tie, and the unwritten labels! "You'd better get the trunks down, dear, before the man comes, and mind the wall-paper on the stairs." Trunks are heavy, stairs are steep. Where's that Worthington I saved out of last Saturday's dozen?

TO SEAT FIVE A SIDE

"Gosh, how hot it is . . . What, another hour to go? . . . Why don't you look out of the window, then, and see the cows and farms and things? Gosh, how hot it is . . . If only you'd hurried up we'd have got that train with the restaurant car . . . Oh, come away from the door! Can't you see you're in that gentleman's way? My dear, do look after the child . . . Gosh, how hot it is. No, I'm tired of reading, thanks. I'd give a couple of quid for a nice long Worthington now. Gosh how . . ."

RAE

SEA-VIEW

"Nice rooms . . . with that curious pale green smell and a rush mat on the wall behind the washstand. Not much of a Sea-View about it—unless they have a tidal wave. Why, it's ten minutes from . . . all right, I'm not grumbling . . . Oh, I say! who put my flannels round the boots? Get the maid to iron them and—hi!—tell her to get in a dozen of Worthington, too."

CAN WE BE IMMORAL?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"We are watching the theatres and cinemas . . ."

LONDON, *July* 11.

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE we of the truly British race any of us *ever* properly immoral I wonder, or can we ever perchance put up in a fairly decently realistic manner a sort of kind of moderately convincing imitation thereof? I ask, like Rosa Dartle (there's been a Dickens revival lately, so no apologies for archaism), just for information and all that. And also slightly inspired or instigated I must confess by one of the very latest shows I happen to have gone and seen in the theatre way—Mr. Hastings Turner, or I should say Marie Tempest's new effort, *The Spot on the Sun,* at the Ambassadors, to wit.

"Glorious Goodwood"

IDEA of aforesaid play being that we're right in the midst of a most hectic *milieu* — Monte Carlo at its most feverish, with all the miasmic spirit of gambling and intrigue at its meanest and most sordid, and so on, simply dominating the whole affair, as you might say. And there's a quite reckless and expensive lady in it who takes money from a Dago millionaire to gamble with, on apparently the usual conditions, and an elderly baroness (with foreign accent) who gives money to a Dago dancing partner on ditto, and a shiftless sort of once-was who's feebly fond of lady No. 1 but much too weak to fight the Dago man. And then a pure and open-air though bouncingly offensive young English girl, who suddenly butts in from nowhere and terrifies them all to death for fear she should be so shocked by their awfully exotic and intensely trans-Channel immorality.

BUT whoever *could* be shocked, bless you, when the appallingly frivolous and degenerate woman turns out to be our old and impeccably immaculate friend, so to speak, Marie Tempest, who couldn't be anything but respectably naughty however hard she tried? And Mr. Frank Cellier, so entirely failing, despite all endeavours, to be aught but nice and charming even in moustache and imperial and quite good imitation of a Levantine or something from Smyrna or somewhere. Also Lady Tree making laudable efforts to be repulsive and hateful as the ghoulish baroness (and doing her very best to look outrageous in a poppy-red chiffon frock), but somehow quite British and seeming rather amused at her (stage) audacity all the time.

TRY ever so hard to make our flesh creep, the author *and* actors do. She likes sin and she sins, says the delightfully dour maid of dear fascinating, but anything-but-vampish Marie T.—and it all sounds like a kind of jolly breakfast-time joke. But some rather nice things said in the course of the play by the way, as *e.g.* and *par exemple,* that to be English (on the Riviera, of course) means a passport and the right to know no French. Or that marriage is like America—a delightful thing to look back on, etcet., etcet. Rather pleasant and satisfactory too in a way, I suppose, to feel that we can't be quite successfully immoral even if we try very hard—after all, it's not our *rôle* in life any more than (these days) winning championships, what?

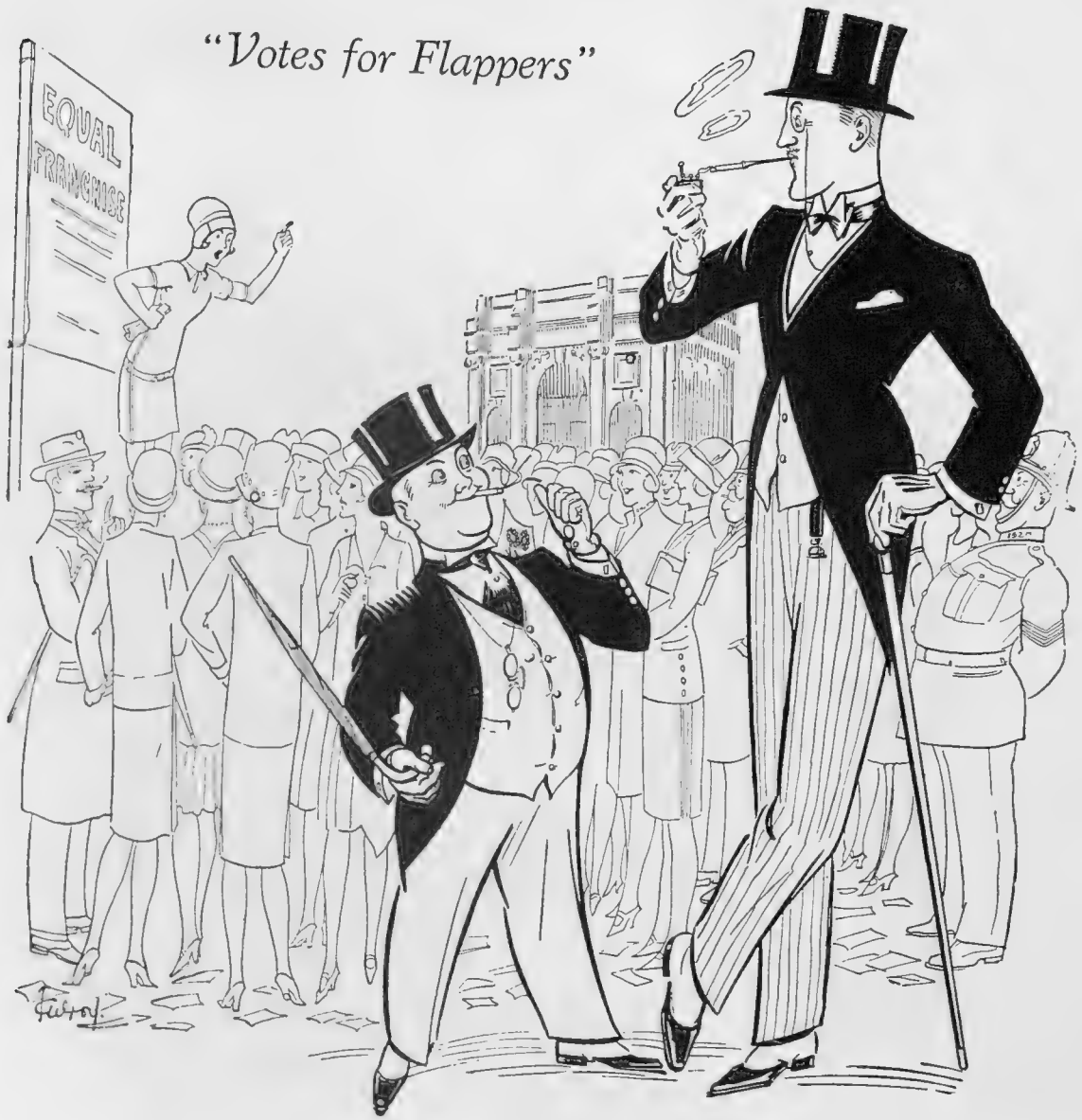
"That holiday feeling"

RATHER lucky in a way, apparently, we *are* so moral, in the theatres anyway, seeing that the bishops and other officially pure parsons have got just now a clerically stern eye on the playhouses and all their works. "We are watching the theatres and the cinemas to see that nothing immoral is shown," says the spiritual head, or words to that effect, of the See of London, and methinks they'll find it a bit of an effort to pick out anything answering to that description. A long and lingering job, needing constant and unceasing attention and attendance at all the best theatres and movies—all in a good cause of course, and doesn't sound such a bad idea really in the way of occupying your time, even from the most mundane point of view, come to think of it, *n'est-ce pas?*

TALKING of theatres, it's alas, isn't it, that the dear old Co-Optimists have really and finally ended, though I suppose it was bound to come, and they'd had a long, long run of half a dozen years or so, and made half a million or more. And, anyway, some of their best people had left 'em.

BUT what a quite nice lot of exciting things there are still happening here in London now, what with lunches and dinners and dances—even if of these last a French critic *did* remark (having visited the Savoy, the Ritz,

(Continued on page 92)



Said Mr. Gold to Mr. Flake—

"I hear they're going to give women of 21 the vote, Mr. Flake. Do you think it's right?"

"Yes, but there ought to be one condition, Mr. Gold."

"What's that, Mr. Flake?"

"That they should first be required to show that they have Wills of their own, Mr. Gold."

ISSUED TO DRAW
ATTENTION TO THE MERITS OF
WILLS'
"GOLD FLAKE" CIGARETTES

Claridge's, the Carlton, Princes, the Silver Slipper, and all the rest) that never in his life had he seen so many *figures si tristes* and *derrières si gais*. Though I don't think myself our dancing front-views *are* so melancholy as they were, these days do you? We seem somehow in sooth to have got over the worst of our first dance earnestness and eagerness about steps, and even positively sometimes to enjoy ourselves—though of course there's always the sombre memory of our dance teachers in the background with their solemn and oft-repeated warnings against letting ourselves go. So that it's not till at least about 2 or 3 a.m. in a night club that the average well-brought-up partner 'll even venture now and then to whisper apologetically something about it's being time to dance vulgarly and forthwith start truly to remember he's not on parade, but positively supposed to be revelling and enjoying himself at a Terpsichorian, if not Bacchanalian, festival of youth. No, don't think we ever can be really *comfortably* immoral, or even unmoral or anyway not without deeficulty, as they say (so libellously, of course) about Scotsmen and jokes.

"Whisper apologetically"

GLORIOUS Goodwood's only a fortnight ahead—Goodwood that used to be the sort of semicolon of the Season, with Cowes as full stop. But now these revolutionary (and p'raps slightly more economical and purposeful) days Cowes is for quite a number even of fashion-worshippers rather a wash-out, seeing that it means a special quite new lot of frocks, and is a bit on the boring side at that, and also there's such lots of much more amusing things to be done the other side of *La Manche*.

EVEN Goodwood—no, not boldly suggesting that eminently British institush. should be done without I'm not, but with all those house parties on the Sussex Downs and general open-airness thereof can hardly pose as really part of the so-called London Season, can it? Quite a holiday atmosphere therein, in fact—and yes, methinks that holiday feeling *has* truly now rather begun to permeate things and persons generally, in spite of that nice American man who was talking the other day about how London's perfect, and, says he, the only place for a real holiday.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

Vitality *and* Virol-and-Milk

LYDIA SOKOLOVA—"QUEEN OF ENGLISH DANCERS." [*Photo by Lenare.*

BEHIND THE SCENES *at the* RUSSIAN BALLET

It is only when one talks to the Stars of the Russian Ballet off the stage that one realises the secret of their charm. They are artists on the stage and off. They are as devoted to music and painting as to dancing. They are great artistic personalities and they live for their Art.

Few of their admirers have any idea how arduous that life is and the enormous demand which it makes upon vitality. Unable to take anything but the lightest meal before the exertion of dancing, Sokolova, Woizikovsky and Lifar find in Virol-and-Milk a food which is both tremendously sustaining and perfectly digestible. In their own words they state that "Virol-and-Milk is excellent for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion."

Their example is a fine one to follow. All those who feel the strain of work or of sport, or who suffer from any form of nervous exhaustion, will profit enormously by Virol-and-Milk.

Arrangements have been made to supply beautiful large sepia toned prints of the original photographs of any of these pictures at the special prices: 10/6 each, or 3 for 30/-. Applications should be made to Messrs. Virol Ltd., Ealing, London, W.5.

Out and About in North and South

ME AND MY DOGS *Photo Illus.*

Miss D. Drake photographed with her Irish Setters at the Surrey County Canine Association's Open Dog Show. This was held recently at Guildford, Surrey

Sport and General

"THEY STOOD ON THE BRIDGE AT—GLASGOW"

Bobby Jones (U.S.A.) and Joe Kirkwood (Australia), the famous golfers, photographed on their arrival at Glasgow. By their happy expressions they both seem optimistic as regards the result of the Open Championship

"STANDING TO" FOR THE CAMERA *Photo Illus.*

Mrs. L. F. Coles photographed with her prize-winning Great Danes at the Surrey County Canine Association's Show at Guildford. This occasion was graced by fine weather and also by a good attendance

THAT HUNDRED SHOT *Sport and General*

A. K. Judd (Cambridge) photographed hitting a ball from M. A. McCanlis (Oxford) to the leg boundary in the recent University match at Lord's. This was the actual stroke that gave Judd his century, which was invaluable to Cambridge in giving them a winning lead

A CHECKMATE AT HURLINGHAM *W. A. Rouch*

Mr. B. J. Fowler (left), of the Royal Artillery, and Capt. C. H. Tremayne, of the 11th Hussars, overrun the boards in the semi-final of the Inter-Regimental Cup at Hurlingham. The Royal Artillery met the 17/21st Lancers in the final

"Au Grand Air" at Le Touquet

MRS. KEIR, MRS. HARRISON, CAPT. A. W. STANLEY, LORD SEFTON, MAJOR GERAD, LORD TWEEDMOUTH AND CAPT. MARGESSON, M.P.

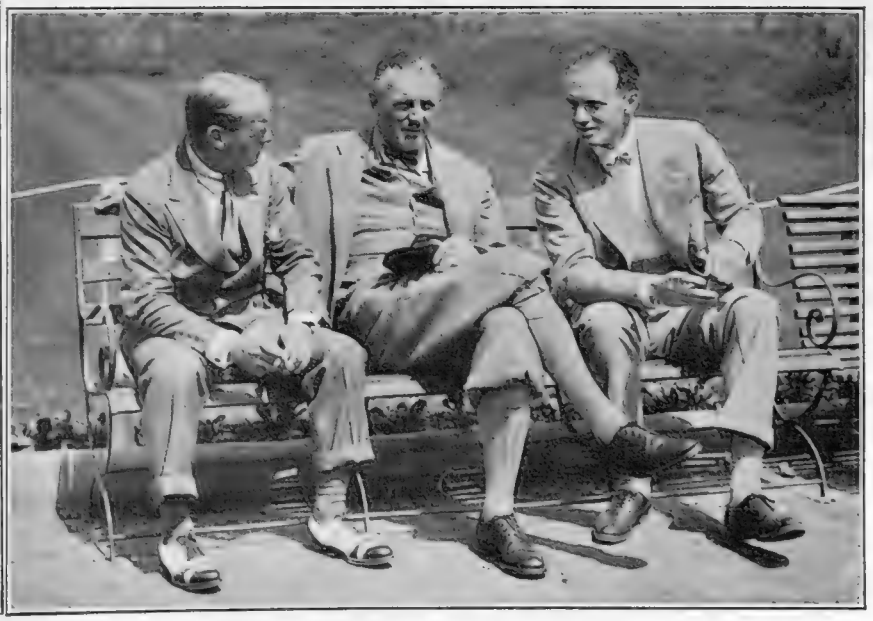
AT LE TOUQUET

Some of those who are basking in the sunshine of Le Touquet, where King Sol is registering happiness more steadily than he does in England

MISS BEVERLEY WILSON, MRS. WILSON AND MME. DE PENNA

Photographs

MR. CYRIL TOLLEY AND LORD PORTARLINGTON



Alfieri

MAJOR GERRAD, MR. FRANK COVALL AND LORD MOLYNEUX

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

IN THE FINAL *W. A. Rouch*

The 17/21st Lancers team who met the Royal Artillery in the Inter-Regimental Cup final. Mr. R. B. Cooke (left), Colonel V. N. Lockett, Mr. H. C. Walford and Mr. H. W. Forester

A Graceful Tribute

It is satisfactory to learn that the splendid support which the Maharajah of Jodhpur has given to the Army in India Team has received a suitable acknowledgment from the Hurlingham Club Committee. At the dinner given to the players before they left for America great appreciation was expressed of the munificent and generous help given to the team throughout its preparation by the Maharajah. As a mark of their gratitude the Hurlingham Committee have elected His Highness an honorary member of the Club for life. Sir Harold Snagge, the chairman of the committee, has received a telegram from him expressing his high appreciation of Hurlingham's graceful action.

In Good Trim

I am glad to learn that the Army in India Team's ponies, numbering forty-five, arrived in New York in splendid trim after an excellent voyage across the Atlantic. Within three hours of their arrival in port they had passed through the necessary veterinary examination and other formalities and were on their way to their new quarters at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club. The members of the team have now arrived there, too, and have lost no time in getting into actual practice. Captain C. T. I. Roark has also reached America, having left in company with Mr. S. Sanford soon after the finish of the Champion Cup. It will be possible, therefore, for Captain Roark to get some immediate play with the International team.

Preparations

It is practically certain that Colonel Tomkinson and the other members of the Selection Committee will definitely choose their team by the end of the present month. This will enable the four players to get about five weeks' regular practice together prior to the first of the International matches, which is to be played at Meadow Brook on September 5. Major J. F. Harrison expects to leave for New York shortly in order to play with the Hurricanes in the American Open Championship. But there seems to be a doubt as to whether Wing Commander P. K. Wise will be a member of that team, and his absence would make it necessary for "Laddie" Sanford to find another No. 3.

Sport and General

HOW TO HOLD 'EM

Horace Smith, of the well-known Cadogan Riding School, giving instructions in the holding of horses to Miss Betty and Miss Joan Rigden. On the right "Cadogan Happy" won a first prize at Olympia this year, and on the left "Cadogan Heather" won a second prize last year

"Tom" Drybrough

I would like to take this opportunity of expressing a word of regret at the passing of an old friend in Mr. Tom Drybrough. Less than a month ago I had a chat with him at Ranelagh, where we had been watching one of the ties in the Open Cup. Obviously his health was failing, and I was not surprised to hear of his death a week or two later. When I first knew Drybrough he was what is called a fine figure of a man. Well past his fiftieth year at the time, he was tall, powerful, and somewhat elegant. So he remained with little apparent change until comparatively recent years. Advancing age never diminished his keenness for polo, and he turned up for members' games at Hurlingham and Ranelagh until last summer. Seventy-six years old when he played in his last game, he was proud of keeping a place in the game at such an advanced age. That conscientious chronicler of polo facts, Mr. L. V. L. Simmonds, once informed him that Mr. A. Auriol Barker was his senior in the game, and the knowledge clouded Mr. Drybrough's satisfaction to some extent.

Hardy Veterans

As a fact, he was the junior of Mr. A. Auriol Barker by more than a year, yet the latter is still taking an active part in the game. Only a few weeks ago it was reported that Mr. Auriol Barker played in a match in which a member of the opposing side was his own grandson, Mr. A. S. Gasalee, who is in this season's Cambridge University team. It is generally assumed that Mr. Auriol Barker must be the oldest polo player still on the active list, but I am not quite sure how his record in the game compares with that of Mr. Alfred Tyrer, the senior member of the Wirral Polo Club. I think Mr. Tyrer is now 78, and I know he was playing polo up to a year or so ago. You will realise, therefore, that the game produces some remarkable veterans.

Army Polo

I do not think I have seen a more enjoyable game this season than the semi-final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament between the 11th Hussars and the Royal Artillery last week. The big crowd which forgathered at Hurlingham showed that regimental polo still arouses a great deal of interest. I do not know how long we shall have to wait before the supremacy of the 17th-21st is seriously challenged. Col. Vivian Lockett's regiment has had matters pretty well its own way since the end of the war, and I am a little doubtful whether it is really good for Army polo that one team should stand out so boldly from all the others. Ages seem to have elapsed since we had an inter-regimental final arousing the excitement which prevailed in the old days. Still, the preliminary ties can give us something like the old stuff — desperately keen polo and level pegging right up to the closing stages of the last chukker.

HOLIDAY HINTS

Looking your best has a great influence upon getting the most out of your holidays. When you are lazing on the Beach enjoying your Sun-bath you will always look and feel right in one of the new Two-piece Bathing Suits. There is also the Beach Gown which is now much used and a luxury which has almost become a necessity. Two-piece Bathing Suits 8/11 to 14/6 Beach Gowns 21/- to 65/-

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FACTS OF THE FANCY

KING CHARLES RETURNS

"By THE KENNLEMAN"

THERE are important Dog Shows to-day (Wednesday) at Woking and at Berwick-on-Tweed, among other places; and next Wednesday will bring a good one at Portsmouth.

People who contemplate "going in for Dogs," in the sense of breeding, exhibiting, buying and selling, and the like (and nowadays the fanciers are drawn from all strata, and include ducal daughters as well as gamekeepers, countesses no less than cab-owners, millionaire peers and modest parsons, the smartest of smart women and the smallest of small tradesmen), are generally anxious to know just how things are going in Dogdom as a whole, and especially how the particular breeds they have in mind are faring in the matter of supply and demand. The personal opinions of those supposedly in the know are doubtless often interesting and valuable; but from the severely practical standpoint there is no safer barometer than the official statistics; all which may most conveniently be consulted in the monthly issues of *The Kennel Gazette*, the official organ of the Kennel Club, of 84, Piccadilly.

The figures, so far as at present available, makes it tolerably clear that this year is to beat all its predecessors from the Dog-fancying point of view, notwithstanding the fact that each of the last few years have established records which many authorities affirmed would never again be reached. Here's a typical indication:—During the month of May the highest total of registrations for any one day in 1922 was 148. Five years later—that is, in May of this year—the best day's total was 310.

It's interesting to note that among the little Dogs the King Charles Spaniel has this year made up a lot of lost ground, and seems bent on coming into his own again, notwithstanding the steadily maintained popularity of his aristocratic cousin from the palaces of Cathay, which threatened a generation ago to extinguish his vogue. Rightly bred and fairly treated, the King Charles is a vigorous little sportsman, and up to the limits of his physical capacity will retrieve small game like a Cocker. His family is one of many which represent a standing protest against the inappropriateness of the official designation, "Toy." There's nothing even remotely suggestive of "laps" and dalliance about the modern King Charles when brought into contact with rats or rabbits; and if still a courtier in manners and breeding, he's a real good fellow in the countryside and an excellent "mixer" in the home.

German authorities have recorded (in the *Deutsche Hunde-Zeitung*) that the first breed to be associated with Red Cross work was the St. Bernard, and that Dogs of this family did excellent work with the troops of Napoleon the Great when they crossed the Alps in 1800. As combatant war-Dogs, perhaps pride of place should be given to the Irish Wolfhounds, who were highly respected warriors in the days of the Roman occupation of these islands, and favoured as gifts as between Roman generals and pro-consuls. As modern police Dogs our English Airedales are winning golden opinions for themselves these days even among Continental authorities, who in the past have sworn by the Alsatian.

Be it said for the general benefit as well as for the information of two correspondents, that certain diseases such as rickets, generally associated with under-nourishment, may quite easily be caused by over-feeding, and especially by a too starchy diet.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THE PRE-EMPTIVE RAISE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ONE of the points at Bridge on which I am tremendously keen is the pre-emptive raise.

It is astonishing how many players, even regular club players, fail to realise its importance or to make use of it.

When I make a bid of "One No-Trump" or one of a major suit I want to hear from my partner *at the very earliest opportunity* if he is able to support my call. Thus if I bid "One No-Trump" and second player passes, I like my partner to jump into a bid of "Two No-Trumps" if his hand in any way justifies it. This has a twofold value. First of all it reassures me that I have hit upon the right call. Secondly, it nearly always prevents fourth hand from bidding.

With a major suit bid it is equally important. The pre-emptive raise, when properly made, is one of the greatest game-savers and game-winners at Bridge. There is scarcely a sitting when you do not see its advantages.

. . . . . .

Here is a case from actual play of a No-Trumper.

	S.—6, 5, 3. H.—K, 7, 2. D.—Q, 7. C.—K, Q, 10, 5, 3.	
S.—J, 10, 9, 7, 4. H.—J, 8. D.—8, 5, 4, 3. C.—9, 4.	Y A B Z	S.—K, 8. H.—A, Q, 10, 5, 4. D.—K, 9, 6, 2. C.—8, 6.
	S.—A, Q, 2. H.—9, 6, 3. D.—A, J, 10. C.—A, J, 7, 2.	

Score, game all. Z bids "One No-Trump"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Two No-Trumps"; all pass.

A opens the Jack of Spades, and Z makes four No Trumps. At the end of the game B said to Y, "Your bid of 'Two No-Trumps' prevented me showing my Hearts."

Precisely. That is one of the great advantages of the pre-emptive raise. If Y had passed (as so many players do on this type of hand), B would have said, "Two Hearts." His hand justified it, and he must show it in order to indicate a lead to his partner.

. . . . . .

Now if B is allowed to bid two Hearts, Z can neither double nor make a second bid. Y would probably bid "Three Clubs," and the bidding would be closed. At Clubs, Y cannot go game.

If Y bids "Two No-Trumps" over the "Two Hearts," B saves the game as A leads a Heart.

You may say, "But B could not make two Hearts. He must be down on his contract of two Hearts." Quite true, but he saves the game at small cost, as he is unlikely to be doubled. Secondly, he is unlikely to be left in with it, as Y is almost certain to bid "Three Clubs." Thirdly, even if Z or Y doubled, the penalty would not have been adequate to compensate for the game and rubber they could have won.

. . . . . .

This example is interesting, because neither Z nor Y had individually overwhelming hands. I have seen numerous cases where Y was much stronger and yet has failed to make a pre-emptive raise, with the consequence that B has been able to "show a suit." This showing a suit by fourth hand often upsets a No-Trumper. It nearly always turns out to the disadvantage of Z. Even when he or his partner is strong enough to continue the bidding, it results in the making of several tricks by the opponents which otherwise might not have been made.

The pre-emptive raise by Y turns out advantageously at least seven times out of ten. The occasion when it may not come off is when A is lying low with an unmentioned solid suit over the No-Trumper.

It would be easy to give other examples where the making of the game depends entirely upon Y's pre-emptive raise. The minimum for a justifiable pre-emptive raise is a solid minor suit of five or four high cards (Aces, Kings, or Queens) divided.

"A LITTLE PRACTICE"

Perfection waits upon practice, just as genius needs infinite pains. Ceaseless care is ever taken to maintain the perfect maturity and perfect purity of —

DEWAR'S

"The Light of Other Days"

"Fond memory brings the light of other days around me," sang the poet Moore. Most of us are discovering that in those calmer, slower times, there were many savours, qualities and fragrances that are being lost in the rush of to-day. Substitutes abound, but original standards are in danger of being lowered. Craven Mixture is still blended in the old painstaking method according to the recipe of the third Earl of Craven and still maintains the qualities that Sir James Barrie eulogised in "My Lady Nicotine" as ". . . . . a tobacco to LIVE for."

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Femina

IN DEFENCE OF NOISE

By "CANDIDA"

We've all heard of the overworked char whom some kind benefactress sent to the country for a week's holiday, and who "couldn't sleep a wink of nights because it was that there quiet." I've ceased to think that story funny. "That there quiet" must be lived up to, which isn't given to all of us. I've left off pretending to myself and others that I simply long for a real rest in some far haven of silence. Silence may be a gift of the gods—to the godlike; it's mere emptiness to most of us humans. Noise, I've come to the conclusion, isn't really the "bane of a nerve-racked existence," as the doctors say. It's its natural expression.

For instance: I've just come back from a cheery week-end in Surrey, the sort of week-end in which you're not allowed to forget for a moment that you're enjoying yourself enormously. Those of us who had anything to motor in, motored in it, with tremendous hootings—you know those peaceful Surrey roads on Sundays when the sun is shining, and even when it isn't. At night we danced to a gramophone, and in the intervals clever people performed on instruments, called musical by courtesy. When we weren't making some sort of noise ourselves we listened to the best they could do over in Paris, or Amsterdam, or somewhere. And then back again on Monday morning to the cheerful noise of town, where there's still a lot going on, though the Season's nearly as tired as some of the people said to be enjoying it.

It's obvious that you can't have things going on without noise, and that the bigger the city, the greater the noise of its many happenings. Is London to be the biggest city of them all for nothing? And what is noise but an inevitable expression of vitality and the fun of living? Which is why I hadn't much patience with the lady who lectured the other night on "Silence as the only salvation of mankind." "London," she said, "with the clamorous din of its roaring millions is fast becoming unfit for human habitation." Nobody seems to share that view, if the crowds in town are anything to go by. But the crowds are the noise, as it happens, and to get away from noise is to get away from oneself—a feat which no one has managed yet.

The lecturer on the gospel of silence was full of good advice. "Speak softly," she said, "and as little as possible." (Not exactly popular that advice.) "Listen as much as you can." (To whom, I ask you, if nobody's to do the talking?) "Walk quietly, tread softly. Think three times at least before you do anything, or say anything. Work in silence. Rest as much as possible." . . . Very nice, I'm sure. If, for instance, I could prevent the 'buses from thundering past, and stop the terrific hooting of everything on wheels, and the shouts of the men who want to sell the things on their barrows, and the shrill yelling of the boys with the latest racing news, it would be a pleasanter world—for me, at any rate, though it would interfere terribly with the people who've got to get somewhere, or have anything to sell. She did not suggest how they're to carry on in "beneficial silence." She said nothing about the world we live in with its clashing of wills, and how each one of us has got to keep his place in the sun, and hold on to his little bit of happiness, and keep up his position on next to nothing. And how are we to carry on without words to persuade, to encourage and console? And how are we to make our living except by shouting a little louder than the rest?

The wheels of the world go round noisily, and I like the cheerful sound of their turning. It's only when I'm down and out, when I'm facing the prospect of some grim, grey morning in July, when I know it will rain on my best hat, and I shall have to eat ices and talk cheerful nonsense in some wet marquee, or under the dripping trees of somebody's garden-party, that I feel like the man who wrote:—

> "Yonder see the morning blink,
> The sun is up, and so must I;
> To wash and dress, and eat and drink,
> And look at things and talk and think,
> And work—and God knows why?"

Of course I know all about speech being silver and silence golden. That platitude was invented to keep the children quiet, so that the grown-ups might have more time and opportunity to talk in. But there is a quality of silence which is far removed from the every-day world of silly chatter. There is the deep calm of a starlit night whose magic makes one drop one's futile efforts and strivings, one's poses and pettiness, and turn for consolation to the memory of some kind word or deed, some look on a face one loves.

But the lady of the gospel of silence wasn't aiming as high as this. She was all for reducing the intangible and elusive to a few solid rules of conduct. "Walk quietly, tread softly," she said, "and we shall have a much finer world. No doubt; but can it be managed in the sort of heels which the shoemaker people insist on giving us? Does it matter how we walk so long as our walking gets us somewhere? "Work in silence," she advised. How about the saleswoman whose living depends on talking about the things she sells, how about the people in offices where endless talk of business is punctuated by the click of typewriters and the ringing of telephones. Time enough to be silent, I think, when "the rest is silence."

Paul Tanqueray

MISS IRENE DINELEY

The well-known film actress and artist's model, who has been painted by many famous artists and has appeared in the Academy on several occasions. She has recently been taking part in the almost completed war film, "The Battle of the Falkland Islands"

Housing Conditions

Readers who have devoted any attention to the housing conditions in the poorer parts of London will be interested in two reports which have been drawn up by Mrs. Irene T. Barclay, P.A.S.I., and Miss Evelyn E. Perry, P.A.S.I. They deal with the housing conditions in Somers Town and the Victoria Ward of Westminster. Copies of the former are obtainable gratis from the St. Pancras House Improvement Society, Ltd., 1, Oakley Square, N.W.1, and of the latter from the Weardale Press, 26, Gordon Street, W.C.1.

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

IN RURAL SURROUNDINGS

An Erskine Six in old-world Shalgrove. This new 16-40 h.p. six-cylinder four-door saloon model by Studebaker is essentially a lady-owner's car

How an ample reserve of power adds to the ease of driving a car is one lesson to be learnt from a trial of the Studebaker Erskine model, which was certainly one of the outstanding introductions at the last Olympia Show. I drove one of these cars for a couple of days recently, and my first impression was that the controls are exceptionally "right." Everything—pedals, gear and brake levers, steering wheel and so forth—is in exactly the right place for the average driver. Then there is a stud to rest the accelerator foot upon, a fitting quite common in American cars but almost unknown on British, and one that ought to be universal. On the Studebaker it can be adjusted or taken away altogether if desired. What with these features and the lightness of all the controls, I thought here is surely the easiest car to drive on the market.

***

THEN I realised that, after all, a good deal of this impression was due to the fact that the car can take everything in top gear—hills, corners, traffic stops. There is no trace of snatch in the transmission, and the engine is a flexible six-cylinder with an ample reserve of power. It is of about 2½ litres capacity, which is generous for a car with only 8 ft. 11 in. wheelbase. Top gear being on the low side (5.125 to 1), the engine is revving fairly fast soon after 35 m.p.h. on top gear, and consequently the running is not as silent mechanically as it might be, but as against that one has an ability to do everything on top. Springing and steering are faultless, and a good feature is the very generous steering lock, which makes a naturally handy car a real pleasure to take about in traffic or where there is any manœuvring to do.

***

THE proportions of the bodywork are ample for four people, or five at a pinch, and visibility from all seats is far better than one would expect at first glance. The equipment includes locks to all doors, a ventilator, and a hydrostatic petrol gauge which shows on the dashboard the amount of petrol in the rear tank. Oilless bushes are fitted wherever possible on the chassis. Amongst American cars this is one of quite exceptional interest. Across the Pond it is called a "European" type of car, having been conceived by Mr. A. R. Erskine during a visit to France in 1924. The body designs are by M. Dietrich. As a whole, the car is wonderful value. The four-door saloon costs £325.

***

IN connection with the recent discussion on the merits of grease *v.* oil for lubricating the chassis, the case was mentioned of one owner-driver who has to spend no

(*Continued on page* iv)

A gorgeous artistic achievement of the "ILE-DE-FRANCE"

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With the advent of the French Line's new 43,548 ton flagship, the zenith of splendour and elegance has been reached. It is difficult to conceive of a more perfectly artistic achievement than this latest ocean giant

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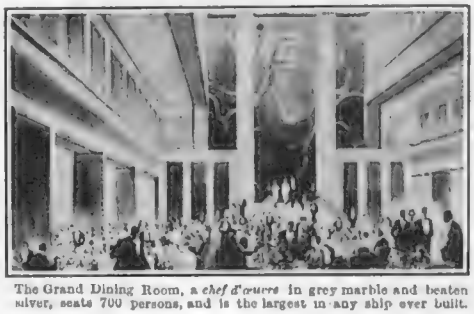
Every outside cabin, as well as half of the inside ones, has a private bathroom. No bunks—only beds. Regal suites. Two orchestras of *Conservatoire* performers. Permanent Chapel. Garage for 60 cars.



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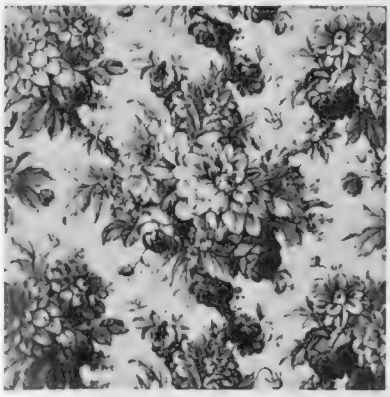
HAMPTONS' JULY SALE

secures to every purchaser values in tasteful Home Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example :—*



Hamptons' K1159. **2,500 yards Cretonne,** in a rose and dahlia design. Chintz colours on a black, cream, blue, and biscuit ground.

Exceptional Value. 31 in. wide.

Reduced from 2/6 to 1/- per yard.

Hamptons' K1073. **4,000 yards reliable Cretonne,** in good chintz colourings on a ground of either cream, black, blue, orange or beige. 31 in. wide.

Reduced from 2/3 to 1/4½ per yard.

CRETONNES

and other Furnishing Fabrics.

Hamptons' K117. **1,600 yards chintz design Cretonne,** printed on a finely woven cotton, in cream only. 31 in. wide.

Reduced from 3/11 to 1/9½ per yard.

Hamptons' K205. **3,500 yards Cretonne,** printed on a very good quality cotton, in old world chintz colours on cream, biscuit, blue and black backgrounds. 50 in. wide.

Reduced from 4/3 to 2/11½ per yard.

Hamptons' K1071. **250 yards of Artificial Silk and Cotton Tapestry** on an old gold ground, with the design in old world soft colourings. Very suitable for coverings. 50 in. wide.

Reduced from 11/9 to 5/11 per yard.

Hamptons' K1213. **1,500 yards Casement Cotton,** in cream and tussore. 50 in. wide.

Reduced from 1/11½ to 1/6 per yard.

Also in 12 beautiful colours. (Unfadable.)

Reduced from 2/6 to 1/10½ per yard.

Hamptons' K1078. **3000 yards of excellent quality printed Linen,** in an Indian design, on a natural background, with old world colourings. 31 in. wide.

Reduced from 3/9 to 1/11½ per yard.

Hamptons' K1072. **380 yards of a heavy quality Artificial Silk Damask** in a two-colour effect of gold and old rose. An ideal fabric for hard wear. 50 in. wide.

Reduced from 17/6 to 8/11 per yard.

For illustrations of many other unequalled bargains in Furniture (Modern and Antique), Bedsteads, Bedding, Carpets, Furnishing Fabrics and heavy Curtains, Lace Curtains, Household Linen, Wallpapers, Pianos, China, Glass, Ironmongery, etc.,

See HAMPTONS' ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE, sent free

Hampton & Sons deliver to House by their own Motor Vans or pay Carriage on Sale Goods to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

Beautiful Natural Pamoil Waves

Those soft full waves and fascinating curls are the result of Pamoil—the process is as comfortable as a Scalp Massage, requiring no heavy tubes, sachets, string, scissors, pliers or borax. Pamoil waved hair is glossy, full of glinting lights, and free from frizz—the Pamoil Process acts as a tonic to tired hair.

The actual heating takes only FIVE minutes and there is NO STEAM TO SCALD THE SCALP.

Front Wavings from 35 -
Side Wavings from 12 -

Please write for free Illustrated Booklet B.

PAMOIL

The Natural Permanent Wave

(Under Royal Patronage)

PAMOIL is operated ONLY by skilled experts personally trained and supervised by the actual inventors.

ALDWORTH & HORNET 385, Oxford St., London, W.1.

(Adjoining Bond Street Underground Station).

'Phones: MAYFAIR 4103-4.

Wires: "Pamoilwavo, Wesdo, London."

A SERVICEABLE COAT for RIDING or WALKING

A very fine example of Elvery value. Smartly cut and well finished, and is designed for either riding or walking. Light in weight, double texture, full skirted and fitted with windcuffs, this coat presents a real bargain in Elvery Guaranteed Waterproofs from

3½ Gns.

Send measurements (height and chest) with order.

Goods sent on approval on receipt of deposit or London reference. Patterns on request to Dept. "E."

INCORPORATED IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

Elvery's LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1850

31, Conduit St., London, W.1

(One door from New Bond Street),

and at

Elephant House, Dublin, and Cork.

ELVERY'S WATERPROOFS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF YEARS.

Aldwych

less than half a day a week greasing his car. Favourably as this may compare with the experience of those who owned cars in pre-war days, it is not good enough for 1927. The makers of the Crossley "Six" have issued a statement pointing out that this fine chassis is lubricated by oil throughout, spring-capped oil fillers being fitted in place of grease cups. It is a simple matter to go round the car with an oil can or oil gun and lubricate it thoroughly in ten minutes. The oil fillers are very conveniently placed. The all-oil lubrication system as provided on the Crossley "Six" has many advantages. Oil will flow; grease will not. Grease may be forced to the position required, but can easily be forced away again, requiring further force to replace it. Oil returns automatically without pressure providing the oil level is above the point to be lubricated.

* * *

Ever since the 14-45 h.p. Talbot six-cylinder was introduced at Olympia at the astonishing price of £395, from a works which has never produced a popular priced car, people have been wondering how it could be done for the money. They know that the Talbot Works have never produced a vehicle either in any serious quantity or at a particularly popular price. I went over the works the other day and came away satisfied that it could be done, and well done. They have a Scotsman in charge. He is Mr. Robertson, now general manager of both Talbot and Darracq works in London. The secret is the extraordinary capacity for making one machine do the work of six, eight, or twelve. Almost every ordinary machine in the works has been transformed by some fixture or conversion, and the cost of producing single pieces has fallen, in a great many cases, to little more than a third of what it used to be. Nor is there the slightest indication that this has affected the quality of the work. On the contrary, I have seen a six-cylinder crankshaft machined out of a solid bar of forged steel, normally far too costly a process for a British car of this price.

AN IMPOSING CAR

The striking 23-65 h.p. Peugeot. It is fitted with standard English 7-seater saloon coachwork

* * *

Mr. A. G. Wilson, of Leeds, sells Morris cars as a living and flies a D.H. Moth as a hobby. Recently he received notification that a Morris chassis was ready for collection from the factory, and he decided to fly down from Leeds to Oxford with a friend that evening. Leaving Sherburn, near Leeds, at 6.35 p.m. Mr. Wilson landed at Port Meadow, near Oxford, at 8.30 p.m. Early next morning the Morris chassis was collected, but the weather conditions seemed a little unpropitious for flying. Therefore, the wings of the D.H. Moth were folded, and it was hitched up to the Morris chassis and towed along the road until the weather cleared up and his friend could fly home.

E. M. W.

Yesterday and to-day

A hundred and fifty years ago Potter & Moore's Lavender Water played no little part in restoring my Lady's equilibrium when an over-eloquent swain endeavoured to press his suit with more-than-ordinary vehemence. In some subtle way its fragrance, too, did much enhance the maid's sweet modesty.

No blushing modesty greets the proposing beau of the present. The modern miss meets the most loquacious advances with infinite *sang froid* as she critically surveys her lover. Nevertheless, her fresh fragrance is apparent; and, as of old, is due in no small measure to Potter & Moore's Lavender Water.

Potter & Moore's

LAVENDER WATER SPECIALITIES

include Flasks, 1/- to 4/3. Concave Bottles 1/6 to 14/6. Round Bottles, 14/6, 24/-, 25/-. L.G. Bottles, 15/6, 25/-, 47/-. Wickered Bottles, 2/6 to 32/6. Convex Bottles, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6. Ribbed Tubes with Glass Sprinklers, 2/6, 4/-. Bonzo (novelty) 2/6. Frozen Lavender Water, 3/6.

Potter & Moore's Toilet Requisites are prepared with scrupulous care and sold in the most artistic packings.

Potter & Moore's

OTHER LAVENDER SPECIALITIES

consist of Face Powder, Smelling Salts, Lavender Hair Food, Brilliantine, Solid Brilliantine, Talcum Powder in Tins, Soap, Bath Crystals, Baths Salts, Gift Boxes of soap and perfume, Lavender Sachets.

Potter and Moore's Lavender Water and other Toilet Requisites are stocked by all leading Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom.

Street's

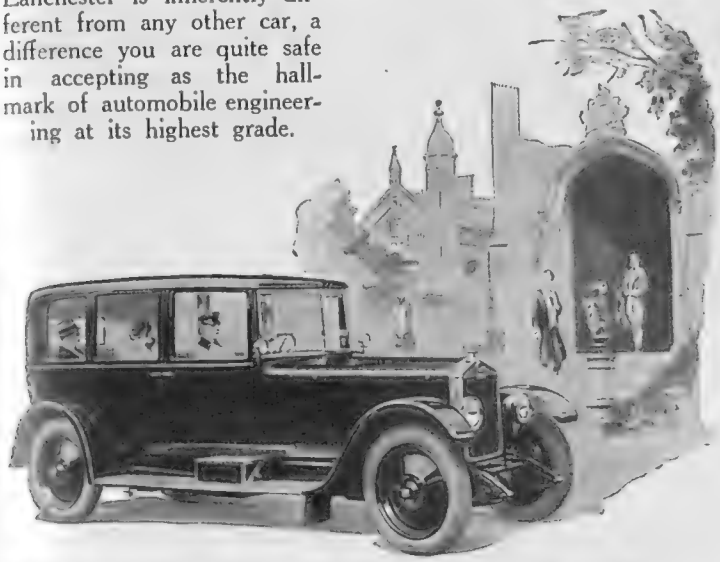
Lanchester Cars

HAVE you ever driven or ridden in a Lanchester? If not, you have missed the best that motoring has to offer. Whatever may be your previous ideal of luxurious road travelling, you will find that Lanchester motoring surpasses it. You will find that the Lanchester is inherently different from any other car, a difference you are quite safe in accepting as the hall-mark of automobile engineering at its highest grade.

The car illustrated is a 21 H.P. 6-cylinder Limousine. All enclosed and with seating accommodation for six persons. A more dignified and luxurious car has yet to be built. Catalogues and photographs on demand.

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Armourer Mills, 88, Deansgate, 95, New Bond St.
Birmingham. Manchester. London, W.1.



Over 10 Years Old.

There's no use talking-

TASTE IT!

Mackinlay's
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland.

Also MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., *Distillers.* LEITH.

Cars are Catching Fire every day...

Be ready to Save Yours!

for LIGHT CARS *get the* New JUNIOR Model.

WHOSE car will be burnt out to-day? Will it be yours? It won't if you carry a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher, because then you can tackle a fire at once, and put it out before the damage is done.

The Pyrene Fire Extinguisher for many years past has been saving thousands of cars from destruction and their owners and friends from injury. Now that there is a new JUNIOR size for *light* cars greatly *increased* numbers will be saved. Be ready for fire on *your* car by carrying a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. Then you can put it out and drive on as though nothing had happened. Fit one to-day.

Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

JUNIOR MODEL FOR LIGHT CARS.
Handsome nickel plated finish only
Filled and complete with bracket . **35/-**

STANDARD MODEL FOR BIG CARS.
Filled and complete. Polished Brass, **55/-**
Nickel or Black plated - - - **60/-**

GET ONE FROM YOUR GARAGE.

Send for Folder "W.J."

THE PYRENE COMPANY Ltd.,
9, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.
Telephone: Victoria 8592.
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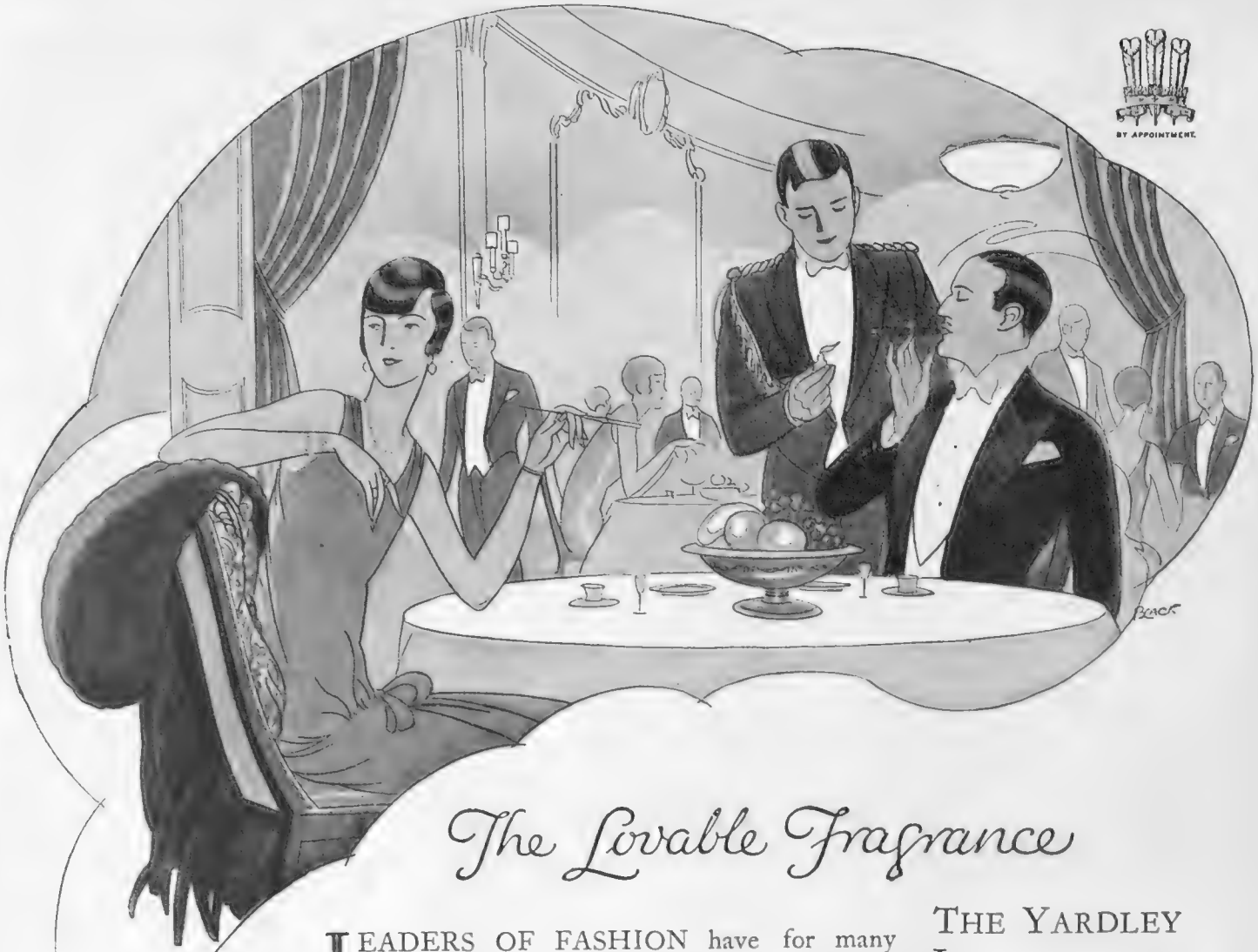
Branches: Sheffield, Glasgow, Belfast.



The Lovable Fragrance

LEADERS OF FASHION have for many generations delighted in the ever lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender, such a delightful perfume, bringing freshness and charm to the toilette.

And if the atmosphere of Restaurant or Ballroom becomes close and headache threatens, a little applied to the temples is so deliciously refreshing and reinvigorating—and afterwards, the luxury of a little in your hand basin or bath!

In the sick room it is indispensable.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS & STORES

Per Bottle from 3/- Decanters from 21/-

YARDLEY 8 New Bond Street LONDON

PARIS: 24 Avenue de l'Opéra

THE YARDLEY LAVENDER PERFUMERY ALSO INCLUDES

Lavender Soap (The Luxury Soap of the World), box of three large tabs.	3/-
Face Powder	1/9
Talcum Powder	1/2
Face Cream	1/6
Shampoo Powders, box of six	1/6
Bath Salt Tablets, box of six	1/6
Solidified Brilliantine, per tin	1/3
Shaving Stick	1/3
Compressed Lavender Blossoms, box of six tablets	3/-

YARDLEY'S
Old English
LAVENDER

Fashions Fancies

A graceful coat-frock, suitable for the older woman, carried out in natural-coloured stockinette (Jenner's)

A Peep into the Future

MID-JULY! When, with the gaieties of the London Season waning, we take a peep into an immediate future that concerns itself mainly with sports clothes. The newest tweeds for the moors are loosely woven in herringbone designs in soft tones that will blend with the Scottish landscape. For less rigorous occasions stockinette holds sway, often carrying out the most attractive *ensembles*, consisting of pleated skirt, pullover, and cardigan coat, the last often gaily embroidered. Buttonholes will be worn with sports kit, but they must be made of raffia or leather, the latest variety of which is varnished.

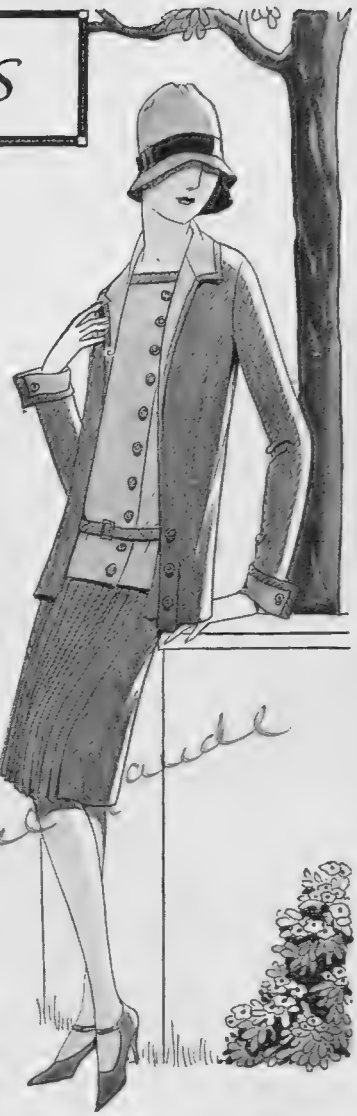
New Interpretations of Stockinette

SOME of the romance of Edinburgh, Scott's "Romantic Town," most certainly lies, for modern woman, in the famous shopping thoroughfare, Princes Street, where Jenner's is situated. Jenner models are always "right." What, for instance, could be smarter than the jumper suit shown in the centre of the page, which is priced at 7 guineas, and, sponsoring the fashionable geometrical design, is carried out in natural stockinette inset with *bois de rose*. For the sports model on the right, costing £11 19*s*. 6*d*., the new herringbone stockinette is used—a fabric that has all the appearance of tweed, but is delightfully cool and light for summer wear. And the older contingent, who for so many designers just don't exist (!), will find in the natural stockinette coat-frock on the left, the price of which is 9 guineas, a style that will please them immensely, for with its long panel back (the belt being in front only) it is extremely graceful and most becoming to the figure that is not as slim as it might be!

The Summer Sales

IF anything could provide the silver lining to the clouds, of which we've had more than enough, it is the really wonderful bargains in summer frocks and hats! No one need feel extravagant at replacing the millinery that has been ruined during the wettest June on record, at the end of the season sale at Scott's, "The Hatters," 1, Old Bond Street, W., which continues through July, and where there is a special reduction of 5*s*. in the £ off marked prices.

Natural stockinette, inset with *bois de rose*, expresses this effective "two-piece" (Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh)



A smart sports suit made of the new herringbone stockinette (Jenner's)
Sketches by Renée Maude

More Sale Opportunities

AND talking of bargains, Peter Robinson's Summer Sale, which commenced on Monday, and only lasts a fortnight, shouldn't on any account be missed by the women and children, nor, indeed, by the men, of the family. For Peter Robinson (Oxford Street and Regent Street) does not cater for the feminine contingent alone.

Miracles in Voile

WITH a sunnier future in view, there's not a woman in the world who won't thrill to the fascination of the "light-hearted" voile frocks that during July can be bought almost miraculously cheaply at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, 156, Regent Street, W. The dainty affair sketched on page viii (left-hand figure) is hand-embroidered, and priced at 6½ guineas. Others, in every imaginable design and

4711 Eau de Cologne is her chosen travelling companion. And a twice-daily brush with Pepsodent her congenial holiday task

colouring, are to be found at 45*s*., at 39*s*., at 29*s*. 9*d*., and even at 23*s*. 9*d*.; and voile frocks, designed on lines that will suit the matron, in navy and white, black and white, and other colourings that combine smartness with discretion, are reduced to 79*s*. 6*d*. There are lovely little *crêpe de Chine* jumper suits carried out in delicious colour combinations; *bois de rose* and beige is the scheme of the one sketched (right-hand figure), and its sale price is 7½ guineas. Tennis frocks of super spun silk, through which the light won't show (an important point this!), are to be secured at 35*s*. 9*d*. Linen jumper suits in all the fashionable colours are actually only 20*s*., with matching hats at 12*s*. And these are only some of the many opportunities. Don't "wait and see"; go and see!

Travellers, Take Note!

WHICH of her many toilet requisites is absolutely essential to the *bien soignée* traveller is a question that might well agitate the mind of a Solomon. The best plan is to choose one that combines a multitude of uses, as well as virtues, such as 4711 Eau de Cologne. For use on a long sea or train journey it is deliciously refreshing; rinsing the face and neck with it tones up the skin and makes it wonderfully fragrant and fresh; quite a small quantity added to the bath has a most invigorating effect; used for massage purposes it gives a glorious feeling of fitness to the whole body. All leading chemists, stores, etc., stock 4711 Eau de Cologne, from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 56*s*. a bottle. Remember it has a blue label.

The Toilet of the Teeth

WHITE, glistening teeth aren't just the privilege of a few, as so many people suppose. Everybody can have them if they take steps to remove the disfiguring film that gives that dull, dingy look; in other words, if they make daily use of a modern dentifrice such as Pepsodent. Pepsodent not only removes this film, which as well as being unsightly is a very real menace to the health of the teeth and gums, but polishes the former to a gleaming whiteness without risk of injury to the enamel and at the same time combats the evils that cause decay.

Good Looks in Summer

SUMMER is the time when every woman *ought* to look her best with, in theory, a complexion of milk and roses, set off by a frock and hat of pastel hue, against a background of blue sky and green trees! But things don't, unfortunately, always happen like that! In fact, too often scarlet noses, skins burnt to an ugly red, not the nice becoming tan affected by heroines in ultra-modern novels (!), and an otherwise generally weather-beaten look, spoil the effect of many an attractive *toilette*. Some women simply won't realise that suddenly leading an outdoor life, as so many of them do in the summer months, is terribly hard on their skins. The road to health lies by way of exercise.

The Right Preparations

NO woman who values the appearance of her skin uses any and every preparation haphazard. No! She consults a reliable Beauty Expert as to which particular preparations will suit her own individual case. The ones that will help a dry skin are not beneficial to a greasy one, and *vice-versâ*. The reason, too, why some women "make-up" so successfully and others not is because the latter are unwise in their choice of tints in powders, rouges and salves; in all these there are many shades, and where a peach-like hue of powder will make the best of a fair woman, a deep Rachel will bring out the points of a dark one.

A dainty garden party frock of hand-embroidered voile and a beige and *bois de rose crepe de Chine* jumper suit, sketched at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, 156 Regent Street, W

Sketches by A. Titford

IT'S THE SAME IN PARIS...

Twelve noon .... the tables ranged round the walls of the long room begin to fill .... well-known faces .... gourmets of repute .... White-capped cooks appear .... great thistle-shaped pipkins of potatoes .... a little thrill as a marvellous bouillabaisse is served .... and here's our wonderful veal à la Zingara. This is La Crémaillère, newest resort of Parisian epicures, presided over by that Mephistophelean genius, Marius, late of Paillard ....

"You think, monsieur, I pay compliment to the English Lea and Perrin sauce to serve it here always? Mais, moi, I think it compliment to the taste and judgment of my clientèle to serve a sauce so subtle, so exquisite, so harmonious to the finest cooking."

Marius

TOUJOURS LEA & PERRINS!

Stonoda Cup was a "brain-wave"

A superb discovery in summer refreshers with more "pep," more fruitiness, more sparkle to the tumbler-full than anything you have tasted before. You know it must be good if it is made with Stone's Ginger Wine; even so, there is a surprise awaiting you in the deliciousness of Stonoda Cup.

The mixing of Stonoda Cup is very good fun, too. With Stone's Ginger Wine and Soda as a basis you can make all kinds of subtle blends, each one a new delight.

MAKE STONODA CUP THIS WAY.— Take equal quantities of Stone's Ginger Wine and Soda Water. A few slices of Cucumber or sprigs of Borage. Freshen with any ripe fruit. Add Lemon and Sugar to taste and a few lumps of ice. Nothing more delicious was ever mixed.

STONODA CUP

Stonoda Cup can only be made from Stone's, the original Ginger Wine, famous since 1740.

STONE'S GINGER WINE,
FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

The Sweet Tooth

As small children, the sight of various liquorice and highly-coloured marzipan concoctions displayed in a pleasingly indigestible pile in the window of the village sweet-shop may have appealed to our tastes. However, age brings with it a sense of artistic and gastronomic discrimination which reacts to the appeal of tasteful window-dressing. Thus it is that the windows of Unica, Ltd., at 131, Regent Street, lure one to enter the premises of this firm, which specialises in really high-class chocolates and bonbons, for their artistic appeal is irresistible. Within, the fine examples of Italian art in wood, leather, and pottery, which are exhibited as bonbonnières to contain the sweetmeats, provide a clear suggestion of the delightful quality of their contents, for Unica bonbons are as tasty as any sweetmeats on the market.

THE SPA, SCARBOROUGH

Well known as the Queen of Watering Places, this magnificent seaside resort ranks second to none in Britain. The London and North Eastern Railway have an excellent service to this charming place and now run an additional express, "The Scarborough Flier"

ARTISTRY IN REGENT STREET

An exterior view of the premises of Unica, Ltd. This establishment, which specialises in high-class confectionery, is one of the most artistic in Regent Street

A New Train Service

The L.N.E.R. announce a considerably augmented train service in their new summer time-tables, which are in operation from July 11 to September 25. Altogether 65,000 additional miles will be operated by L.N.E.R. passenger trains every week during the holiday months. The times of two important trains are given below.

"Scarborough Flier."—New additional express at 11.50 a.m. from King's Cross to Scarborough arrives 4.18 p.m. every week-day (230 miles in 4¾ hours, with one stop; non-stop London to York, 188 miles).

Harrogate Sunday Pullman.—A new Pullman express service, King's Cross to Harrogate, Saturdays, 4.50 p.m., due Harrogate 8.50 p.m. Sundays, leave Harrogate 3.15 p.m., arrives King's Cross 7.15 p.m.

At Olympia

At the Advertising Exhibition to be held from July 18 to 23 at Olympia in connection with the 1927 Advertising Convention, THE BYSTANDER stand will be No. 207 and the telephone number "Riverside 2808." The stand will be fitted and furnished by Messrs. Harrods, and the plants and floral decorations by Messrs. Selfridge & Co. All readers interested in advertising are invited to visit THE BYSTANDER stand, where they will receive a cordial welcome.

The Distaff Side

The Ladies Who's Who, which made its bow for the twentieth year this month, will undoubtedly find a welcome among the other books of reference on your library shelf, for it contains a very comprehensive list of names and short biographies of prominent women of to-day. A feature which will prove welcome is the Anglo-American Section, which contains the names and addresses of many prominent American-born ladies.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL.
155, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

MOTOR INSURANCE A SPECIALITY.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

EASTBOURNE,
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

MONTANA—VERMALA, Valais,
SWITZERLAND.
Alt. 1500—1680 m.
The sunniest climatic station in Switzerland. Connected with Sierre by a funicular (journey, 50 mins.). Picturesque route (road open to motors). Summer Sports: Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Excursions. Prospectus from Enquiry Office.

Hotels:
PARK
FOREST
GOLF
ALPINA
TERMINUS
REGINA
BEAU SEJOUR
MIRABEAU

MARO-MEAT
A meat and marrow fat product too highly concentrated to be used by itself Mix with lighter foods. Prepared for large users as a basic meat ration.
We also prepare Ken-L-Ration the complete dog food.
All dealers stock these foods, or write
CHAPPEL BROS. (Dept. "M")
28, Victoria Street, LONDON, S.W.1

Fly & Dust proof

"TRANSELLA" Cover. Round: 9d., 10½d., and 1/-. Oval: 1/3, 1/6, and 2/- each size from stores, or from A. W. Abrahams, "WABBA" House, 134, Pershore Street, Birmingham; Belgian Agent, Jules Nalbach, 46, St. Jacques Markt, Antwerp; also opposite Church, Ostend.

WONDERFUL HOLIDAYS.

ENGLAND	8 days	£4 7 6
FRANCE	3 days	£5 5 0
BELGIUM	7 days	£6 16 6
SWITZERLAND	7 days	£8 18 6
GERMANY	8 days	£14 19 0
NORWAY	9 days	£23 2 0
ITALY	16 days	£24 0 0
AUSTRIA	17 days	£31 10 0

Illustrated 240 pp. programme of above and over 150 other attractive tours free on request.

PICKFORDS, LD.,
21-24, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.
206, High Holborn, W.C.1.
And over 100 Branches.

WHY PAY MORE — THERE IS NO BETTER SHAMPOO THAN
EVAN WILLIAMS
4D
DOES NOT COLOUR THE HAIR

When replying to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

A SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL ON DEAUVILLE RACE-COURSE

DEAUVILLE

"THE BEACH of BLOSSOMS"

Open to the end of September.

Smartest of French seaside resorts. Reached from Paris by four superb motoring roads. Four expresses and one Pullman train daily. The Grande Semaine in Deauville—in August—is without question the most fashionable sporting event on earth to-day. The racing itself—the "French Ascot"—is worth crossing a continent to see; and it is witnessed by the gayest and most *chic* multitude the modern world assembles. Until this race meeting the Deauville season has been a crescendo. Afterwards it continues with a dazzling programme of sporting and social events.

Next year—1928—Deauville inaugurates a second racecourse—at Clairefontaine—where racing will continue until the middle of September.

The Smart Hotels of Deauville are

THE NORMANDY THE ROYAL

Each with 450 perfectly equipped rooms and bathrooms.

Booking at any Travel Agency. All other information from Syndicat d'Initiative, Deauville (Calvados).

THE BELGRAVE EASY CHAIR is made in Maple's own factories by British Labour. Covered in hide of the best quality and well sprung, top stuffing hair, and feather down cushion in velveteen - £10 . 10 . 0

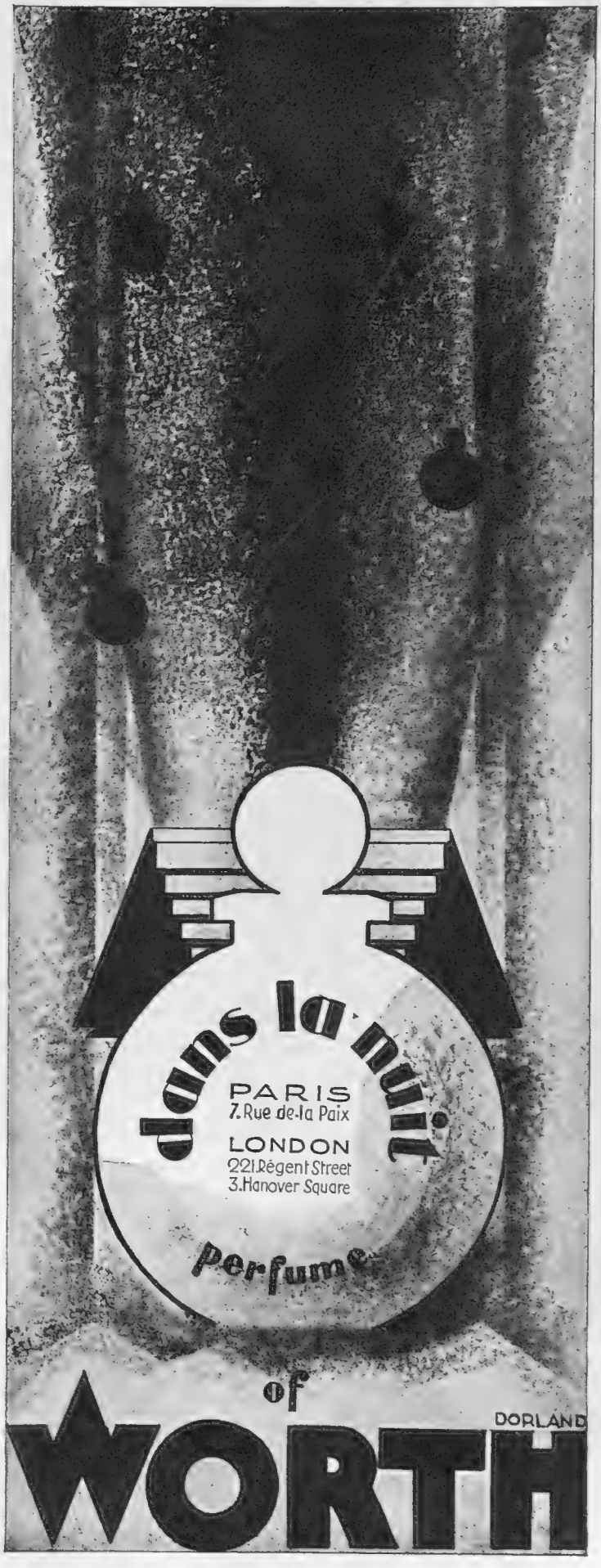
TWO-SEAT SETTEE to match - £20 . 10 . 0

ALL GOODS ARE DELIVERED FREE BY MOTOR TO CUSTOMERS' RESIDENCES IN 36 COUNTIES
TERMS OF DEFERRED PAYMENT BEST OBTAINABLE

MAPLE & CO Ltd

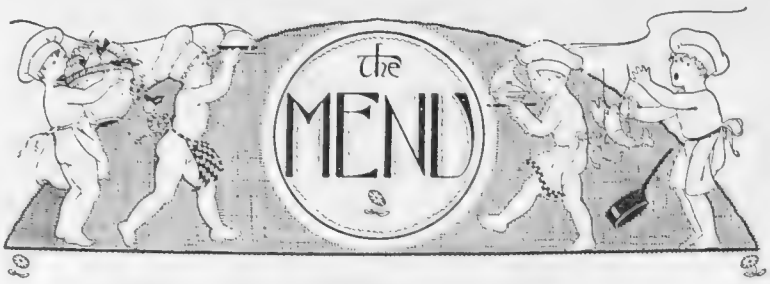
The Largest Furnishing Establishment in the World

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD : LONDON : W.1



On sale at WORTH, 221, Regent Street, and at a few Exclusive Stores

(Wholesale Distributing Agents, DEBACQ & HARROP, 68 Newman Street, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1)



SOME SEASONABLE DISHES

FILLETS OF SOLE WITH SPINACH.
POULETS AUX TROIS FRÈRES.
ASPARAGUS À TOMATES.
PETITS POIS À LA DEMI-BOURGEOISE.

Fillets of Sole with Spinach

HAVE a good-sized Dover sole filleted, cut the fillets into neat pieces, and put them in a well-buttered *sauté*-pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, moisten with a glass of white wine, and cook for ten minutes in a good oven. Arrange the fillets on a mound of cooked spinach in a fireproof dish, cover with a thick white sauce in which a tablespoonful of grated cheese has been stirred, and sprinkle over some breadcrumbs, more grated cheese, and a little oiled butter. Bake for ten minutes and serve hot.

Poulets aux Trois Frères

Cut up a chicken as for frying, but in much smaller pieces, that is, making two pieces of each leg, two of the breast, and two of the back. Melt enough margarine to cover the bottom of a baking-dish, add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, put in the chicken, cover it with about two dozen very small spring onions and the same quantity of small new potatoes, cut in four. Flavour with salt, pepper, and a little mace. Put the dish in the oven. It should be done in forty minutes. The onions must be well cooked and the whole dish a good brown colour. When dishing it, it should be sent up in a silver *entrée* dish. Arrange it all very closely together and pour over it three or four tablespoonfuls of hot dissolved glaze. The chicken is most delicious cooked in this way, and is a well-known dish in France.

Asparagus à Tomates (Cold)

Pick about eight large tomatoes of even size, dip them in hot water for a minute or two, peel them carefully, scoop out the centre with a sharp knife, and put them on the ice until required for filling. Cut about one pint of green asparagus tips into small pieces, boil them in salted water, and drain; add a pinch of nutmeg and castor sugar, and a little cayenne. Mix this with enough tartare sauce to well flavour the asparagus. Fill the prepared tomato cups with this, and cover the surface with a little stiff mayonnaise. Garnish with nicely cut slices of cucumber.

Petits Pois à la Demi-Bourgeoise

Put 2 lb. of young peas into a stewpan, with a good-sized piece of butter or margarine, one onion, and one round lettuce cut in four. Let them be stewed in their own juice upon a gas-burner turned low. When they are done and there is hardly any sauce left, add a good dessertspoonful of castor sugar, a pinch of salt, and the yolk of an egg beaten up with a little milk, or, better still, cream, if at hand. Mix the whole well together and serve. This way of cooking peas makes them more tasty than boiling them in water.

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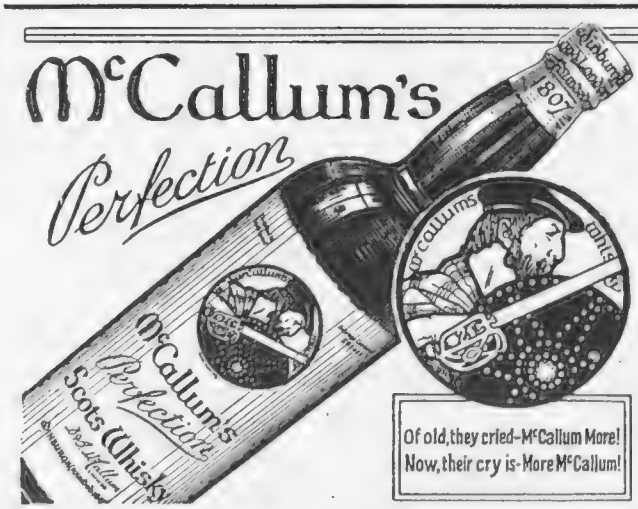

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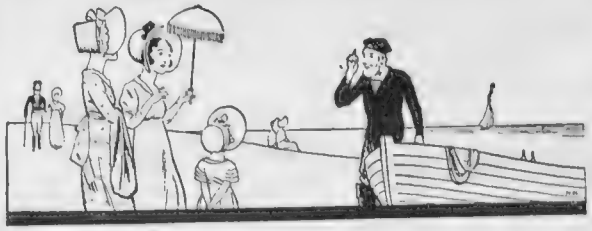

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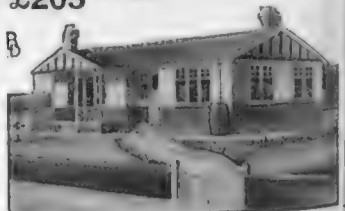

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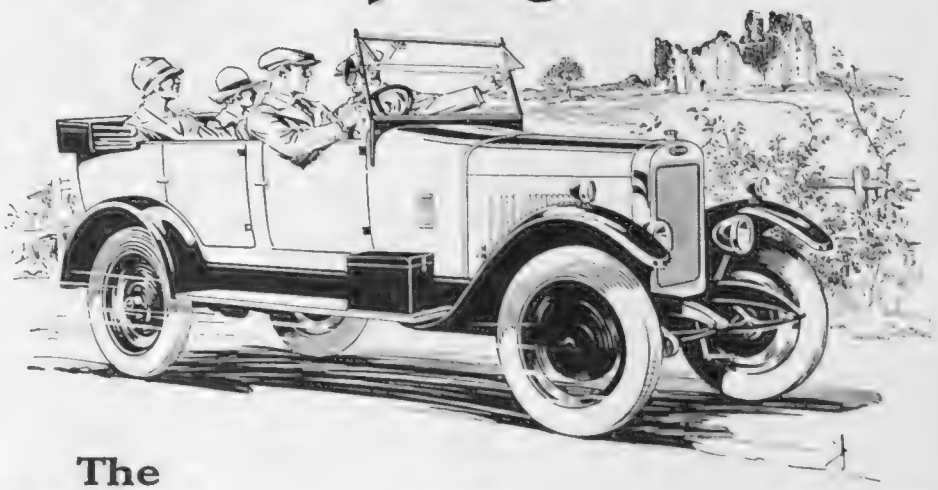

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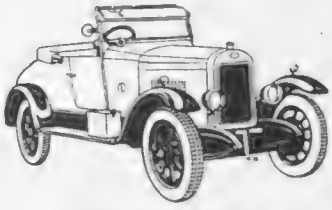

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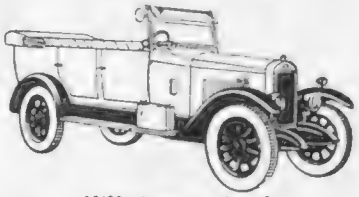

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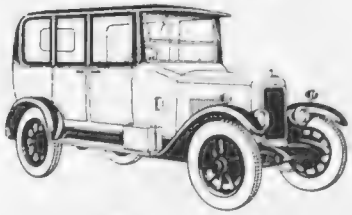

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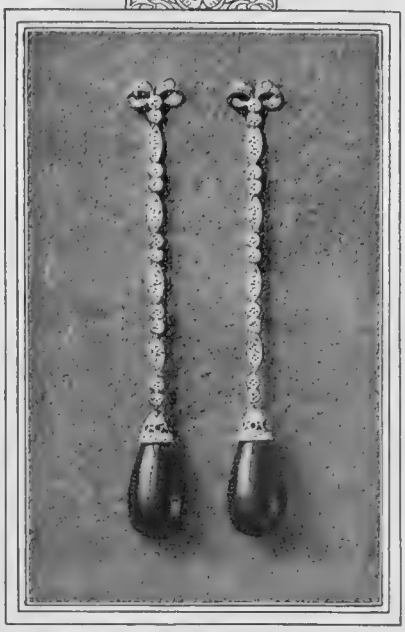

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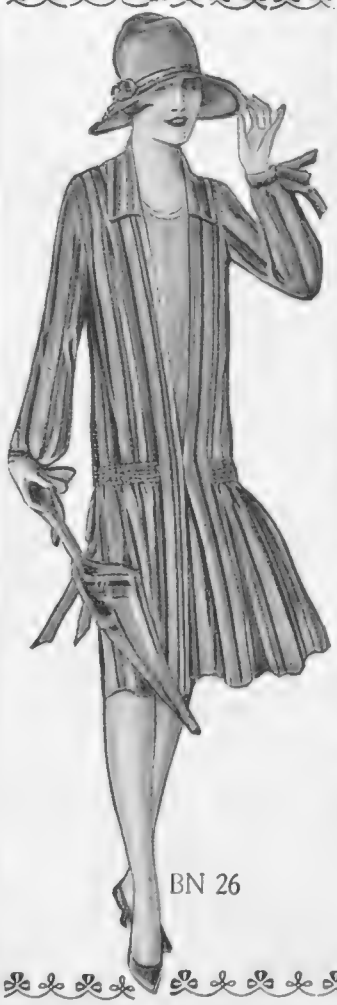

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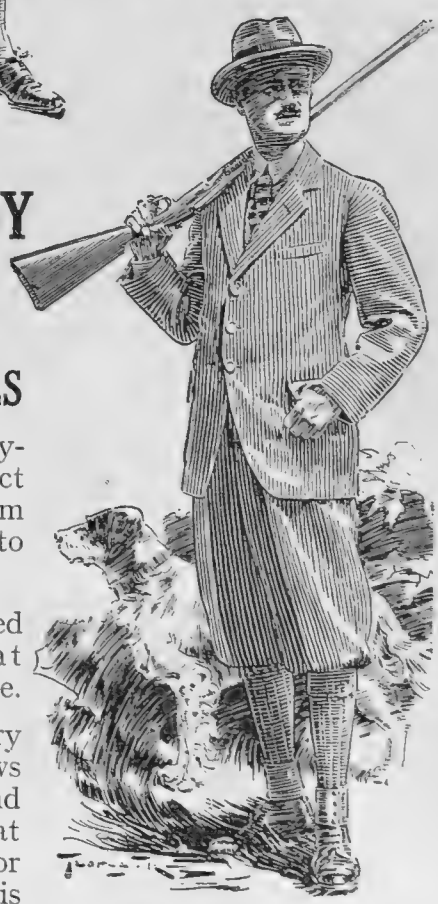

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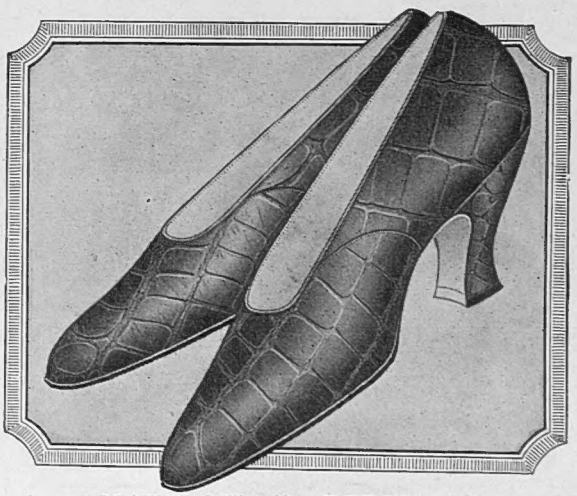

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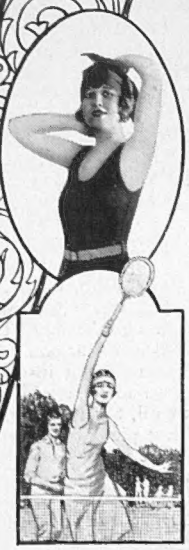

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